

The TATLER

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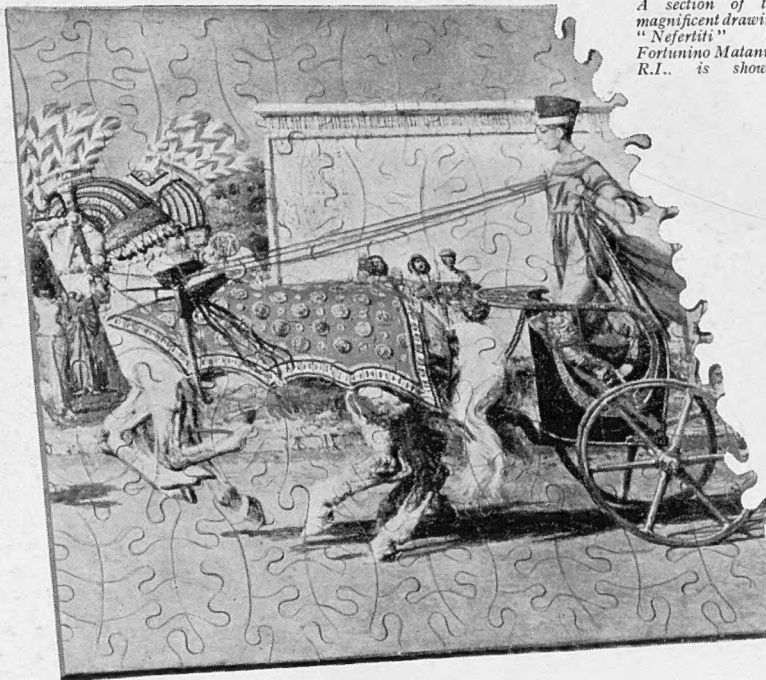
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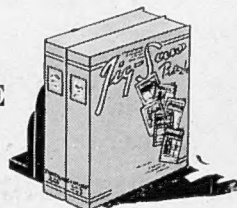
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VISCOUNTESS BRIDPORT

The very attractive wife of the third Viscount Bridport was one of Berkshire's assets before her marriage, being the daughter of Mr. Charles J. Baker of Letcombe Manor, Wantage. Lord Bridport, whose father, the Hon. Maurice Henry Nelson Hood, R.N.V.R., was killed in action in the Great War, is a direct descendant of Lord Nelson, being a great-great-grandson of Nelson's daughter, the Duchess of Brontë. He is Duke of Brontë in Sicily where he owns the Castello di Maniace, famed for its wonderful garden. In London Lord and Lady Bridport live in Wilton Crescent

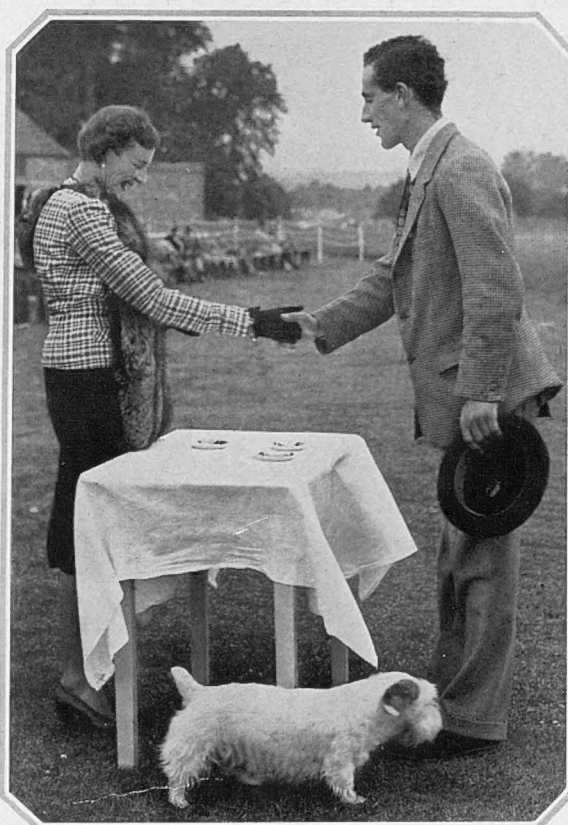


THE OPENING OF COWES: MR. AND MRS.
T. O. M. SOPWITH'S PARTY COMES ASHORE

At the time of going to press the information is all set fair. Roads full of yachts and racing prospects first class. The above is a before-the-battle picture of the ship's "company" coming ashore from Mr. Tommy Sopwith's *Philante* and en route to the R.Y.S. lawn. Included in the picture are, left to right, Mrs. Munro Kerr, Mrs. George Philipson, Mrs. Strickland and the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. T. O. M. Sopwith. The great news, of course, is that Mr. Tommy Sopwith's *Tomahawk* beat the American crack *Vim* at the Royal Thames R.C. regatta, this before the Cowes contretemps

*"La force et la faiblesse de l'esprit
sont mal nommés, elles ne sont en
effet que la bonne ou la mauvaise
disposition des organes du corps."*
—La Rochefoucauld.

THE tremendous effect of health, in modern jargon of glands and germs, on character and achievement, is indisputable, outside the fiery realm of genius. Those so possessed surmount all physical handicaps, their suffering mercifully deadened in the mental agony of creative work. Those pathetic lulls of discouragement in Stevenson's letters help us to know and love the man (whose style received such condescending allowances from Mr. A. G. Macdonell in his review of the latest book on R. L. S.), but in the brave, swift-moving tales, polished like the stones on the bed of a burn, and as full of zest as running water, there is no suggestion of the writer's almost perpetual ill-health. It was the same with Watteau. Until one of his exquisitely-executed sweet somethings was stolen from the Louvre (to the faint amusement of the Mona Lisa) I did not know that he painted with feverish enthusiasm and divine discontent through years of illness, until death came at the easel, in his thirties. Some of the *fêtes galantes* are hazy with nostalgia, as if life was not altogether a picnic, but most Watteaus are essentially carefree, primarily composed as ornaments. One cannot want little pictures by



AT THE MIDHURST POLO TOURNAMENT

Lady Louis Mountbatten giving away the prizes won by the Knaves team at Cowdray Park, to Mr. John Lakin, Knave No. 3. They beat Lord Louis Mountbatten's Adsdean. The gentleman under the table answers to the name of "Tops'le"

And the World Said—



LORD AND LADY CORK
AND ORRERY

The former Naval C. in C., Portsmouth, and Lady Cork and Orrery went over to Cowes in time for tea on the Sunday before the great regatta started

a "little" great master to be anything more, since more implies a change in the artist's intrinsic quality. It wouldn't be Watteau; in whose genius his latest biographer, Gilbert Barker, the brilliant youngest son of the squire of Stanlake Park, finds rhythm (the little figures on the grass are nearly dancing), fragrance, imagination, wit, and a total absence of vulgarity. He feels that his own generation, rating Hemingway's prose and Picasso's latest phase as the sole examples of artistic integrity, is likely to dismiss his favourite pictures as belonging to an effete and corrupt period of aristocratic domination and patronage. Judging by the numbers of young and youngish regulars Watteau-gazing at the Wallace, Mr. Barker need not cast such gloomy aspersions. The *avant garde* may sniff at his hero, but its members frequently lead to a dead end. When Lord Hertford paid £945 for *Les Champs-Élysées*, a pearl of the Wallace Collection, at the Comte de Morny's sale in 1848, the Art Union referred to "the outrageous price given by the Marquess of Hertford for this small picture by Watteau. It will

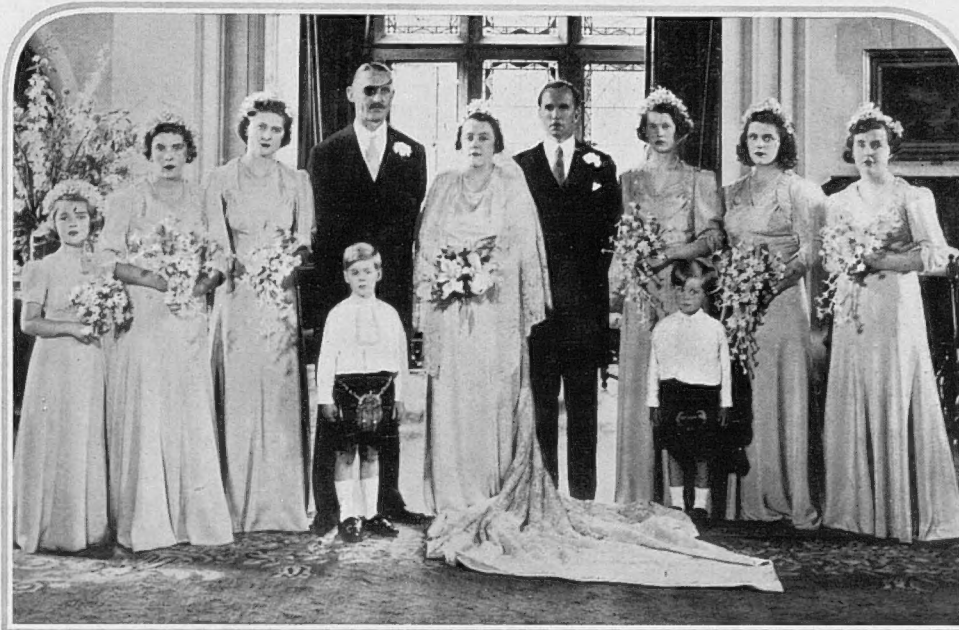
be the climax of imbecile judgment to say that such a picture was worthy of that sum." Some of the world's greatest pictures are on view at Geneva until the end of this month—El Grecos, Velasquez, Murillos and Goyas from El Prado. Many will be tempted to make a Swiss air flight for the Goyas alone. There was only room for the best of the best to be hung worthily; the result is superb. The selection was made by the Prado officials together with Swiss experts, but the initial rescue of the treasures from the possible ravages of the Spanish war was organized through a committee headed by José-Maria Sert, whose powerful murals make the Waldorf-Astoria ball-room the most interesting play-room in the world. Señor Sert also painted the murals in the League of Nations' council room; where no bands play.

When Major-General Sir Victor Fortune spoke to the Boys' Brigade at Dundee earlier this summer, he said those who take care of their health will be easier to live with later on, which was something worth saying. The London Child Guidance Clinic, which is something worth supporting, will once more benefit by the annual Black and White Ball on November 14. There is no paid organizer. Lady Bessborough held the first meeting in July at which over £100 was subscribed, over a hundred and thirty tickets sold (at the sensible price of thirty bob), the band money given by Mrs. Warren Pearl, and a promise by Lord Bessborough to ask the Hulberts to draw the lucky numbers; "Jack" and "Cis" being the biggest draw, even if they only stay long enough for him to drawl "Hulloa," and for her to snap "Good night everybody" in the meaning tones of the tyrannous landlady who wants no fun and games. Not 'arf. Such is personality pull. Lady Bessborough's personality comes through in her attractive slight accent on a record about this good cause, which Captain Leonard Plugge, the Member of Parliament who gives the biggest dinner parties in *The Times*, has agreed to broadcast on his powerful Radio Normandie, now installed in a lovely *château* near Caudebec. He should sign up Lady Rosamond Gibbs, the hard-working "Black and White" deputy chairman, as an announcer; not that her stockbroker husband would let her take a job, but such a heavenly unaffected speaking voice, picked in the Irish brogues, ought to be spreading its comfort and humorous overtones among a wider circle. The Gibbs have

gone to Cornwall with a huge family circle. Her just-grown-up son, Patrick Gallwey-Robertson, hopes to join them; he has been learning a trade in Wales where his mother's cousin, Lord Tredegar, seems wonderfully happy in his second marriage. Lady Tredegar is a quiet, unruffled person, and lovely looking. Those who, like Lady Rosamond, not only write charming personal letters to editors and

columnists begging a mention for their pet charities, but also say thank you, are few indeed. Sir Anthony Weldon, Lord and Lady Hollenden, Mrs. Gerald Montagu, Mrs. Reynolds Albertini (whose Autumn Ball is October 19), Mrs. Leslie Gamage, her cousin Mrs. "Ivory Cross" Railing (back from Antibes), young Lady Harcourt, and all concerned with the Friends of the Poor, make welcome exceptions. Some who clamour for free space are more likely to grumble that the mention was not sufficiently prominent than to acknowledge it, especially

if the charity date (the only vital information) appears without their own names. But we must not undress the charity racket, which would fill wardrobes with its seamy side. Even the boredom of committees can be supported if a kindred spirit occupies the adjacent chair. One of the last July meetings was one of the funniest. The organizer put over her act, as they say in Hollywood, with waving wrists, rolling ducal patronesses off her tongue for the edification of some two dozen mutton mostly dressed as lamb, who were persuaded by her well-worn artistry to take more tickets than they had intended. All to the good. But when a pretty girl, the only young thing in the room, who, incidentally, has worked for the charity concerned for four years, piped up that tickets at thirty shillings are infinitely easier to sell, she was frozen with "Two guineas, dear, has been agreed." Somebody whispered kindly, "Very brave to say what you thought," and the proceedings relapsed into the usual comedy of coma. The most interesting charity performance of the month is *The Merchant of Venice*, to be produced on the 18th and 19th by Miss E. Study, in the garden of Clovelly Court, with a probable third performance at Lady Horner's Manor House, Mells, on the 21st. The cast is young and largely descended from the Souls. Mr. Simon Asquith will play Shylock; Miss Pauline Follett, Portia. The historian, Professor Arnold Toynbee, contributes his son Philip to the cast. Other sons of famous parents involved are



MR. COLIN AND LADY RACHEL DAVIDSON'S WEDDING GROUP

A picture taken at Arundel Castle after the marriage of Lady Rachel Fitzalan-Howard, eldest sister of the Duke of Norfolk, to the only surviving son of Lady Theodora Davidson and the late Colonel Leslie Davidson. The Hon. James Stuart, M.P., was best man, the Hon. Eric Drummond and Jonathan McCreery carried the train and the bridesmaids were Lady Katherine and Lady Winefride Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Alethea Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Jacqueline Maude, the Hon. Anne Keppel and Miss Rosalind Cubitt



LADY FRANCKENSTEIN

Sir George Franckenstein, formerly Austrian Minister in London, was married quietly last week to Miss Editha Keppel King, daughter of the late Captain N. Keppel King and of Mrs. Keppel King, of Portland Place. Here is a quite recent snapshot of the bride. Her husband, one of the most musical of diplomats, was made a G.C.V.O. by His Majesty after becoming a British subject. They have gone abroad for their honeymoon

And the World said—*continued*

Mr. Benedict Nicolson, whose mother is the poetess Vita Sackville-West; Mr. Michael Astor, whose mother does not, as far as I know, write poetry; and Messrs. Mark Wyndham, Rupert Cecil, Christopher Hobhouse and Mark Bonham-Carter—the last-named being cousin to the Shylock. Lord Ebrington has a part to play, and Nerissa will be acted by Miss Veronica Fraser, whose sister-in-law, young Lady Lovat (Rosamond Broughton), awaits her baby this month. Yet another Asquith, Miss Mary of that intellectual ilk, is the Jessica. Bideford Hospital will benefit, and Mells Church, which is in immediate need of repair; so it is hoped that all Devon will flock to see so many sprigs of promise perform so sure a play.

This is a year for staying at home, for family house parties, and for unpretentious entertainments. Hitler has driven us back to the hearth, where, in the uncertain state of the weather, the home fires are best kept burning. Mrs. Wentworth Chetwynd has gathered her clever family at her new house at Much Hadham, including Parisian-daughter Betty whose gift for concise expression on paper and in conversation may be derived from Randolph ancestors—clear-cut southerners who made colonial history—while her fey imagination must be the Davidson of Tulloch strain. Now young Mrs. Randolph Chetwynd has written a first novel, called "Town Wife," which is coming out next month. May it be one-tenth as good as a historical novel which came out some time ago called "Not Peace But a Sword," worth, in Michael Arlen's opinion (and mine!) "All This and Heaven Too" and all the other boosted best sellers, except Sir Edward Marsh's life, which remains unique, like its author. In fact, Miss Jane Olivier has written a fine seventeenth-century romance which affords a contrast, taken as holiday reading after Mr. R. C. Cammell's magnificent "Buckingham," without breaking the continuity of that fascinating century. Her book is dedicated "To Walter George, ninth Baron Polwarth, in whom lives so much that was best in the tradition of Hume and Marchmont." His ancestors live between its covers, especially the women; Julian and Grizel seeming more alive in half a chapter than Miss Du Maurier's Rebecca in the whole volume. That discerning, catholic reader Lady Rosebery, who prefaced her visit to her daughter for Goodwood by having her hunting injury seen to at the Wingfield-Nuffield Hospital, is going to Dalmeny, and will have her usual house parties for the northern circuit, which opens at Ayr on the 13th of next month, moving to Musselburgh 18th and 19th and ending with a big Monday at Hamilton Park (where fields are increasing) on the 25th, in time for the fraternity to catch the night mail for Newmarket. Summer plans are nearly all made; Lord and Lady Sackville go to their favourite French curing place with more than a dozen friends next week. Rex Harrison, the best-dressed young actor, and his ever-loving wife Colette are already in Riviera sunshine, at St. Tropez, near which "Marius" Plage, on the route to Toulon, lies little Aiguebelle, where the inn food is super; the bill modest. Lord and Lady Cowdray, whose honeymoon began at Monte Carlo, became enthusiastic water ski-ers. Once you succeed in

staying upright on the boards for a few seconds, this sport gets you. Light-weight Sir Westrow Hulse and Max Aitken are both good, so it's balance, not build.

Many weights and measures were represented, and various shades of political opinion, when a team of French *Députés* and *Senateurs*, with M. Pierre Flandin towering above them in a white cotton cap, played lawn tennis against Captain Victor Cazalet's side in broiling sunshine, Tricolours and Union Jacks flying, at Deauville. Most of the English and several of the French parliamentarians had never been there before; all were enchanted by its comprehensive charms, though they hardly stayed long enough to appreciate the subtleties, beloved by confirmed *Deauvillois*, such as "Uncle" Berry Wall, seen at the re-opening of *Ciro's* which is smarter than ever with *tenue de soir de rigueur* upstairs and a discreet new grill-room beyond the bar. Portly M. Albert stands at the top of his steep stairs contemplating, between greetings, his dozens of inimitable Sem drawings; the perfect restaurant *décor*, as stringent as dry Martinis and perennially witty, though the caricatures are no longer household words. Paul Dubonnet

and Henri Letellier doing the Charleston with the present Madame Paul Dubonnet and the present Madame "Yola" Letellier respectively, are the most amusing because nothing looks more fantastic than the day before yesterday's craze. The Eugen von Rothschilds were dining there and Lord and Lady Newborough, seen next night at the Ambassadeurs, where "Ham," otherwise Mr. Hamilton Kerr, M.P., was in excellent spirits as were all the tennisers, none of whom took their games too seriously. As their yachtsman cocktail host, Comte Couitéas de Faucamberge, remarked, "If this meeting was designed to frighten Germany, it is to be hoped no Germans are watching the matches." Mr. Kerr gave Miss Thelma Cazalet a magnificent (glass) solitaire ring, and she gave him an amazing pair of sun glasses, but not so odd as Donna "Perrier-Jouët" Mazzuchi's which have white daisy frames. Lord Stanley of Alderley (our only Liberal) and M. Vidal (Bouches-du-Rhône, the only French Socialist) were in fine fettle, the former dancing with Corinne Luchaire, quaintly cute-looking film girl. The brain of our team and the best French scholar was Mr. Philip Noel Baker, the only English Labour Member present. Young, golden-haired M. Peugeot, of automobile renown, who is *député* for the Doubs, and black-thatched Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, were examples of robust masculine appeal, but the outstanding personality was the aforementioned Mr. Noel Baker, athlete, incorruptible intellectual, and gentle charmer. He believes that in fifty years the Far East will be the hub of the world. If so, I'm glad I shall be dead, for the move to Singapore would be most annoying, papa, as Harry Tate's boys used to say when we were young.

In our issue of July 19 last we stated that Lady Butterfield's dance was given at her attractive abode, Morland House, Charles Street. This is incorrect. Morland House, which is at 27B Charles Street, is owned by Chesterfield Salon Ltd., and can be hired by any one wishing to give a social function for which it is admirably well suited. We regret any annoyance or inconvenience which has been caused by this mis-statement.



HERE THEY COME!

The marriage of Miss Caroline Anne Bowes-Lyon, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Bowes-Lyon, and a cousin of H.M. the Queen, to Mr. Ross Llewellyn, elder son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. E. H. Llewellyn, took place on August 1. Here are the happy couple leaving St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. Next day the bride's sister and chief bridesmaid, Miss Sarah Bowes-Lyon, announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Hugh Dudley Ryder, son of Lord Harrowby's brother, the Hon. Archibald Dudley Ryder

THE SOCIAL AXIS— —SWINGS TO SCOTLAND



A COMING OF AGE AT FINAVON CASTLE: The Master of Finavon (David Greenhill-Garayne) Col. Alan and Mrs. Greenhill-Gardyne and Miss Susan and Miss Maryal Greenhill-Gardyne



Clapperton

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AT THE TEVIOTDALE SHOW WITH ISOBEL AMOS AND THE MASTER OF POLWARTH



THE INVERNESS PAGEANT: LADY GOUGH (MARY OF GUISE) AND CAPTAIN FITZ ROY FYERS (PRINCE CHARLIE)

The drift to the North usually begins a bit before the grouse, but after the advent of that bird, it becomes a regular torrent. The pictures above have to do with one or two happenings of very recent moment. A coming-of-age is always a great occasion, especially in Scotland, and the one at Finavon, Forfarshire was. Colonel Greenhill-Gardyne was a Gordon Highlander, which is the same thing as saying that he got into any fighting that was going from Chitral onwards. His son and heir has followed him into the regiment and is in the 1st Battalion. The Duchess of Gloucester, so very popular wherever she goes, gave away the prizes at the Centenary West Teviotdale Agricultural Show which was held at Hawick and the Secretary's little daughter is seen presenting H.R.H. with



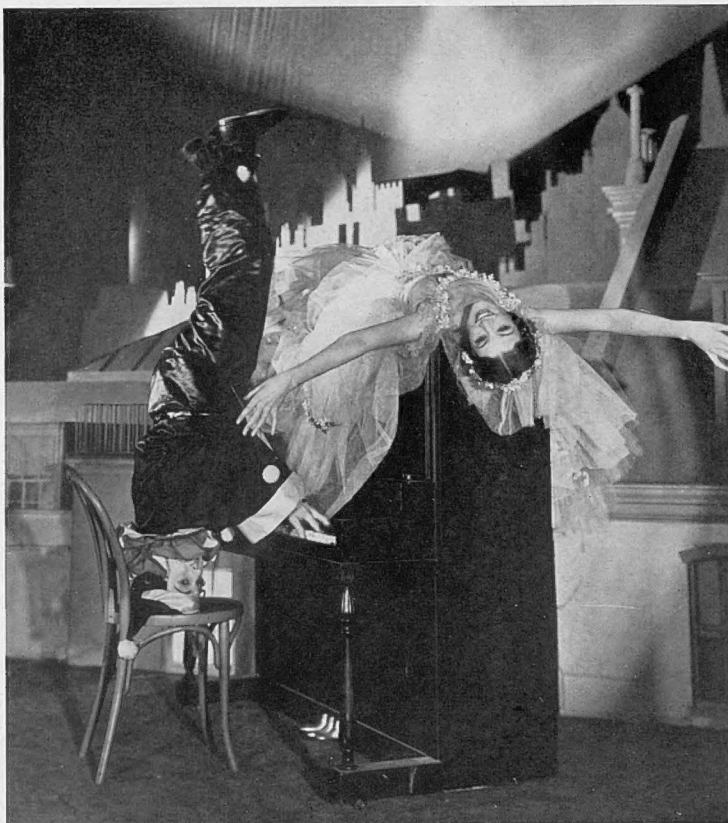
Paterson

LADY MAUD BAILLIE AND HER DAUGHTER MISS ARBELA MACKINTOSH "COLONEL ANN" IN THE PAGEANT

a bouquet. The Master of Polwarth (the Hon. Walter Hepburne-Scott) was the vice-president of the show. The Inverness Highland Pageant which occupied August 2, 3 and 4 had to do with events both before and after Prestonpans in the stirring days of "The 'Forty-five" and a better representative of the central figure in the drama than Captain Fitz Roy Fyers it would have been very hard to find. He is an equerry to the Duke of Connaught. Lady Maud Baillie, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire is seen putting the final touches to the costume of her daughter by her first marriage to the late Captain Angus Mackintosh. Her second husband, the Hon. Evan Baillie is Baroness Burton's elder son and heir and a former Master of the High Peak Harriers



MISS ELIZABETH FRASER
(A LADY-IN-WAITING)



LOOKING BACK A BIT

Do you recognize these stars? Believe it or not, they are Lupino Lane and Myrna Loy as seen some years ago when they appeared together in a ballet sequence (a pretty lively one seemingly) in *Bride of the Regiment* for Warner Brothers. As every one knows who has seen *Me and My Girl* (every one is the *mot juste*), Lupino Lane has kept up his fine flair for acrobatics, but Miss Loy's many starring mediums (her latest picture is *The Rains Came*) make no such calls on muscular effort nowadays. This entertaining shot came to light as the result of turning over old files

MY colleagues of the film persuasion are making the old mistake of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. Or so it seems to me. The very breath of the film is or should be illusion. At least this has always been recognized as a first principle in the world of the Theatre, and in this matter I am inclined to pay the Cinema the compliment of putting her on the same level as the Theatre. "While I live," wrote Hazlitt, "let me not be admitted to an actor's dressing-room. Let me not see how Cato painted or how Caesar combed." Yet your modern film critic—for it seems to be settled in this branch that reporters are critics and critics reporters—takes an especial delight in that which the great dramatic critic I have quoted abhorred. And, of course, he takes that delight only because he thinks to delight his readers. Here is a passage taken from a popular newspaper last week: "There's the man who makes the stars perspire. Top of his profession is Ray Sebastian. He mixes three parts water with one part glycerine, and sprays his victims through an atomizer with beads of agony or terror. There's the tear-drop artist. Onions are out of date. He sprays the eyes with menthol fumes. Bette Davis, James Cagney, Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien and George Brent are among the few who can provide their own." Note how, according to this, only one film actress can cry of her own volition. How are the fans of all the other female stars going to like this? Have I not seen Jeanette MacDonald on the top of some staircase dropping enough tears to wear the treads away because it was not the staircase of the Opera in Paris, Vienna, or Milan, and yodelling the while with enough energy and volume to fill all three opera houses? But the tears are the point. Am I to believe that these are not self-induced? Perish the thought! For if I believe it, Jeanette, in so far as she is to be regarded as a major artist, perishes too!

Elsewhere in the same paper I saw some photography of how a film actor was proposing to make up for Napoleon. In the first photograph plastic was added to his chin; this made him look like George Robey. In the second a shield was placed over his hair; this made him look like Lewis Casson. In the third the wig was adjusted; this made him look like the late Ion Swinley. Next the wig was combed

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Illusion and Its Opposite

and shaped; this made him look like Mr. Osbert Sitwell. Finally, and after all titivations were completed, the actor was shown facing the camera; wherefore it seems that Napoleon was the dead spit of Lupino Lane! For a mountain to be in labour to produce a mouse is recognized as ridiculous. To produce something which does not even faintly resemble a mouse is a phenomenon which could only happen in a world of celluloid.

I think I must have the page from which I gathered all this cut out of the newspaper and framed, since it is a compendium ranging from the infelicitous to the imbecile. Here is an attractive item: "Charles Laughton is Hollywood's invisible man. So determined is he to keep the secret of the make up he will wear in *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame* that orders have been given that no one be permitted to see him under any circumstances. The cast of two thousand have been required to swear they will not reveal the smallest detail. Laughton has not yet started work on the picture, which will take two months to shoot and will cost £400,000. He has spent all his time during the last two weeks undergoing make-up tests in greatest secrecy. The idea is that no one will know what he looks like until the film is shown several months hence. When everything is ready for the shooting of his scenes Laughton will be made up in Hollywood each morning, then rushed to the location at the R-K-O Ranch in San Fernando Valley in a closed car with drawn blinds. Laughton realizes he will have to be good to eradicate memories of Lon Chaney as the hunchback, hence the secrecy and repeated experiments." Is it conceivable that anybody can be anything but disillusioned by this? There was a time when Mr. Laughton was a great character actor. Now it seems he is giving up acting for Plasticine and horsehair. He is to become, and is apparently willing to become, the clothes-horse on which the make-up man builds this character and that. Gone are the days when Mr. Laughton would come down to the theatre and in half an hour transform himself into a Tony Perelli or a William Marble. Now it appears that he is prepared to sit in a chair for a fortnight undergoing make-up tests. Had I not read this give-away I might, when the film comes to be shown, have marvelled at the versatility of the actor. Now that I have been let into the secret I shall give the praise where it is due, to that firm of seedsmen who have covered Mr. Laughton's jowl with soil and raised potatoes on it.

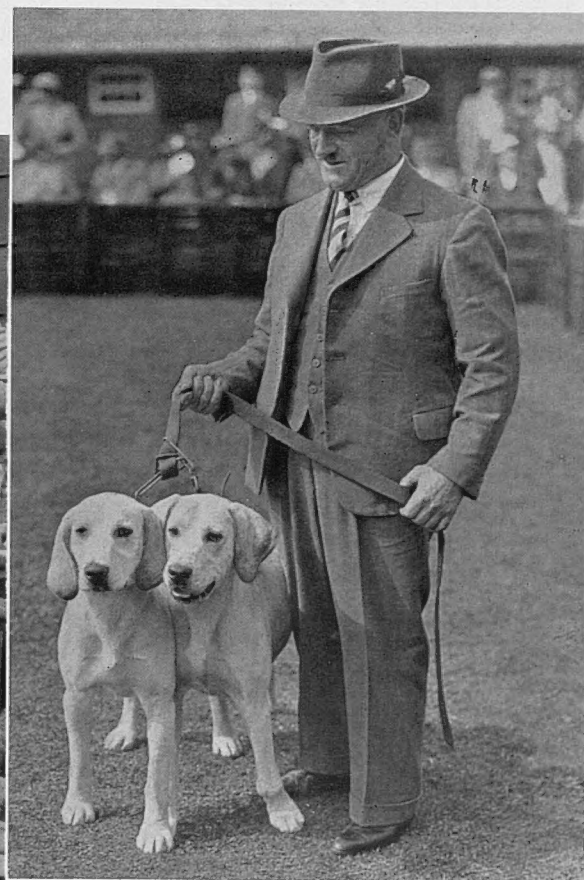
But there is apparently no end to the inanity of the film world, and the desire to pander to it: "Pete, the penguin which appeared with Shirley Temple in the theatrical boarding-house scenes of *Little Miss Broadway*, already has the characteristic traits of a *matinée* idol. He owns 168 suits and spends most of his time before a mirror. In fact, there are eight mirrors round his twenty-foot pen. His diet is half his own weight of frozen swordfish each midnight, and at seven o'clock in the morning the captain gives him setting-up exercises consisting of a two-mile walk and physical drill, to keep his waist-line down." And here is something about Shirley herself: "Shirley Temple has set all the film colony rocking with laughter. Calling the local version of 999, she told the studio fire chief there was an intruder on the roof of her bungalow. The fire brigade raced to the rescue. When they reached the bungalow, they were met by a smiling Shirley. The intruder on the roof was a stray kitten that could not get down." This, if you please, has been *cabled* from America. I can only say that, to use the vernacular, Hollywood rocks very easy.

The very successful play of Gertrude Jennings—*The Young Person in Pink*—forms the basis of a new film being produced by Butcher's Film Service Limited and Mr. Dan Birt. The film, as yet untitled, will star Elizabeth Allan. This is Miss Allan's first film since the long stage run of *Quiet Wedding*, in which she scored such a great success

AT THE COTSWOLD PUPPY SHOW



INCLUDING MANY WELL-KNOWN: MR. C. HEBER-PERCY, M.F.H. (COTSWOLD), MR. DE CLIFFE VIGORS, LORD BATHURST, M.F.H., CAPTAIN C. ROBINSON, MR. ARTHUR MITCHELL AND MRS. REGINALD HEBER-PERCY



MR. GREEN AND COUPLES' WINNERS "PLUNKET" AND "PLOUGHBOY"



THE WELSH GUARDS' MASCOT AND MISS BERYL PARRY, MR. AND MRS. ROBIN HOOD, MR. HOOD AND MRS. VICTOR PARRY



MRS. C. HEBER-PERCY WITH MR. HOOD AND MISS BERYL PARRY

Photos: W. Dennis Moss

They had ten and a half couples of dog hounds and six couples of bitches on the flags at their Kennels at Ossage, Andoversford, and the judges seemed to have been as pleased with them as the M.F.H. had every reason to be. Mr. H. D. M. Hulton Harrop, M.F.H. (his own pack) and Captain J. H. Higgon, M.F.H. (Pembrokeshire) did the responsible job and as will be observed from the top picture there was also present one of the greatest living judges of a foxhound, Lord Bathurst, author of two memorable books on hound breeding. The winning couple in the dogs, walked by Mr. Green of Upton St. Leonards, are as all white as anything that hails from Lady Curre's famous kennel. "Ploughman" is only standing awkwardly on that near foot. Former Cotswold Masters were present in the persons of Mr. Arthur Mitchell and Admiral F. A. Marten and they also were full of praise for the entry. At the conclusion of the proceedings Mrs. Heber-Percy gave away the prizes to the puppy walkers, some of whom may be seen saying howdy to the Welsh Guards' mascot who was on short leave from his strenuous regimental duties



THREE IN THE MONEY AT CATTERICK

Matt Peacock who sent out Mr. W. H. Thorpe's Merrylips to win the Catterick Plate, R. G. Colling who did the same with Mr. A. Smith-Bingham's Paradise Club and Melton Vasey, former jockey who also trains winners up north

IT is hard to write on any technical subject for the masses without the inclusion of technicalities and slang appertaining to it, and it is at the express regret of a reader (of a February number, while waiting to have the root of a particularly troublesome molar cemented up), that the following glossary is appended. While naturally incomplete, it is hoped that it may be of assistance to those who wish to infuse a knowledgeable and sporting atmosphere into the long-winded and boring after-dinner narratives of all the bets they've had during the last week.

Race-horse.—Horse that continuously wins good races (obs.).

Horse.—Ravenous animal that goes on race-courses.

Dog.—Horse with sufficient intellect not to over-exert itself. Any horse that gets beaten when backed. A rogue (fem.) cow.

Plates.—High-class race-horse kept to win one-third of the races run for in this country.

Stayer.—Horse that appears to stay in the same place for a long while.

Sprinter.—Horse that gets five furlongs on a down-hill track with the wind behind.

Trainer.—Wizard who works day and night to try and make his horses go faster than other peoples' for jockey to get the credit.

Jockey.—Term applied to almost any diminutive man who can retain his balance on a horse in motion. Good jockeys win when you have backed them, bad ones don't.

Lad.—Equally small man up to seventy years old who looks after horses. "Lad wot does 'im," impartor of information.

Owner.—Half-wit in whose name horses run (not always C. F. Mason *versus* Stein). Entirely maintains horses, trainers, jockeys, etc., etc. On some courses admitted with police permit. Every effort being made to eradicate. See Rabies.

Punter.—Means of support for some jockeys, trainers and lads. Mug punter, one who hasn't the same views on betting as yourself. A better (or worse).

Totalizator.—Mechanical method of paying "fair" price on winner and placed horses.

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

Professional Backer.—One who gets a living by backing horses with his own money (obs.). One who returns you two points less than he gets. One who takes "unfair" prices if he can get them.

Bookmaker.—Benevolent non-Aryan who gambles on the inconsistency of race-horses and the integrity of his clients.

Minder.—Gent with cauliflower ear who draws a remuneration so that his pals shan't rob the above.

Knock.—Noise made by pistons and punters. Try Ethyl and Tattersall.

Vet.—Specialist who, called in because no one else knows, has the last guess at a horse's ailment without fear of contradiction. Fee: Two guineas.

Tack.—A small nail. Saddles, bridles and equipment for horses. Jockeys' tack, method of spreading skin diseases. Slanting method of progression after celebrating a winner.

Martingale.—Breast strap for preventing horse's head interfering with jockey's dentures. From Farthingale, a stomacher, a ruffle. Slang: A useless endeavour.

Girth.—Used for drawing. Norwegian name.

Snaffle.—Instrument for stopping horses. Sporting artist.

Cosh.—Instrument used by footpads, and by many jockeys for unbalancing horses.

Clerk of Course.—Gentleman employed to dish out free passes and lunch tickets and swear twenty times daily on the telephone that his asphalt track is perfect going.

Handicapper.—Official employed to make it impossible for your horse to win a race.

Running Off Weight.—Slow-motion movement of race-horse. If exaggerated, has the same effect on owner and trainer.

Starting Price.—A mathematical calculation whereby only every second blue moon can a winner start at more than 100 to 7. Placed horses apparently must come under some other law of averages.

Should there be any other queries on unexplained technicalities, please put them on a post card, she prefers those you get in France and Port Said, and send them to my secretary.

Meanwhile, Goodwood, though glorious, charming and good fun, is a financial *débâcle* for the multitude, necessitating, as I foretold, a collection of beautiful

women at Ally Pally, that would have made Auteuil look ten cents. The day would have been all that could be desired had the last favourite won, but possibly due to Blackshaw having had to waste very hard he just couldn't get up, and most of the profits went back down the drain.

The enormous crowd that attends these meetings is worthy of rather better amenities, course and racing.

* * *

Every one who has ever been racing was delighted to hear of young Bruce Hobbs' recovery. He won the 1938 Grand National on Battleship. Hobbs fractured a bone in his spine when Pharnace fell at Cheltenham last November, and for a long time his condition was very serious. A piece of bone was taken from his shin and grafted on to his spine. He was then encased in plaster of paris. He made a remarkable recovery, and was able to leave hospital in February. He is now fit enough to ride again and has got his licence.



Photos: Howard Barrett

ALSO AT WINDY AND RAINY CATTERICK

Damp, but not discouraged! Mrs. C. B. Fairfax (left) whose Mr. Sellars ran third in the Colburn Maiden Plate on the first day, and Joyce, Lady Allerton

ENGLISH M.P.s v. FRENCH M.P.s AT DEAUVILLE



B. DESTREMEAU CHATTING WITH
M. PIERRE ÉTIENNE FLANDIN



Mlle. BERNHEIM-CHALIGNY AND
MR. C. WILLOUGHBY HORDERN



CAPTAIN VICTOR CAZALET, M.P., AND
INDO-CHINA DEPUTY COMTE DE BEAUMONT



THE COMTE AND COMTESSE FRANÇOIS
DE CLERMONT-TONNERRE



AN ENGLISH TRIO: MR. KENNETH LINDSAY, M.P., MR.
PHILIP NOEL BAKER, M.P., AND COL. WICKHAM, M.P.



M. PAUL FÉRET, THE FRENCH
DAVIS CUP PLAYER, AND HIS WIFE

Setting: Deauville. Event: Parliamentary Tennis match, England *versus* France. Result: owing to torrential rain, play was stopped after the second day, and England were adjudged to have been the winners, having led by five matches to four. There was a large crowd of spectators from each side of La Manche to encourage their respective teams, and among those seen on and off the courts were the former Prime Minister of France, M. Pierre Flandin, having a word with his fellow countryman, B. Destremeau, fresh from Wimbledon and winner of the Le Touquet tournament. Attractive Mlle. Bernheim-Chaligny shared her red parasol with Lord Melchett's brother-in-law, Mr. Willoughby Horder, whose wife, the former Hon. Mary Mond, died in 1937. The Comte de Beaumont, Deputy for Indo-China, is considered one of the most brilliant of the younger politicians in France, and his companion, Captain Victor Cazalet, is Member for Chippenham. Other interested spectators were the Comte and Comtesse François de Clermont-Tonnerre; he is one of the few young aristocrats in French politics, having a post in the Ministry of Aviation. All shades of opinion were represented by both teams, as is shown by Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, who is Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Board of Education, and the Member for Kilmarnock; Mr. Philip Noel Baker, the Oxford Labour celebrity who sits for Derby, and Colonel Wickham

Another picture of this event appears on our Tennis page



Being

MR. CLARENCE HATRY,
AUTHOR OF "LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS"

Over twelve thousand copies of this book were sold before publication. The publishers are Messrs. Rich and Cowan, and the theme a fifty-year world plan for the peace of the world. To abolish war, economic upheavals, poverty, and unemployment, you must not move frontiers. The way is this: shift peoples from over-populated areas *en bloc* to the empty producing lands. It is a bold and imaginative book

to the story in which there is a large amount of suffering and disaster and at least one person is found murdered in a red barn. I love the mountains, but I am quite sure that if after death some degree of human consciousness is retained I shall immediately fly back to an English country lane or some quiet English garden. St. Peter's, in Rome, filled me with awe (inwardly, I really think I disliked it)—but, well, shall we say, Rye Church fills me with adoration? Thus the autobiographies I most enjoy are not those which whisk me over half the world and into palaces, but those which, by comparison, stay put physically, but mentally and spiritually carry me in all directions. Thus with novels: the nearer they approach to the "Jane Austen" type of narrative the more I revel in their story.

Can you wonder, then, that I read every one of the 528 pages in Dorothy Whipple's new novel, "The Priory" (Murray; 8s. 6d.)? For this is a tale in the Jane Austen tradition of plots, told, however, of modern people, and, to a certain extent, in the modern manner. We are introduced to a family and their friends, and we follow them—mostly amused, but occasionally tearful—until peace has descended upon their problems, and, in this instance, all is as well as can possibly be expected when two groups of the same family decide to live under the same roof. But what an entertaining group of human beings they are! There is old Major Marwood, who, in family pride, inherited the lovely old Saunby Priory and estate, left the Army, and found he couldn't afford to live in his inheritance. But did he give it up? Oh dear, no! His one mania was cricket, and for the Saunby cricket week of one year to the Saunby cricket week of the next year he lived, and ran deeper and deeper into debt. Meanwhile, his daughters, Christine and Penelope, lived a life of their own at the top of the house, loathed the

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Delightful Novel.

I SUPPOSE my inner predilection is for the Jane Austen type of novel. I like to meet a handful of well-contrasted people, leading ordinary but, in a mild way, quite exciting lives; in which the problem isn't one of life or death, but who will pair off with whom, and if the "cats" in the district will get the moral chastisement they deserve. I never, spiritually or mentally, jump

Saunby cricket week, and loved themselves and each other only. Indeed, apart from the Priory itself, there was no one else for them to love. They couldn't love their Aunt Victoria, who lived with them and kept the house unkempt, because she was an elderly spinster who had devoted all her life to her art, and at the slightest suspicion of being loved immediately presented the lover with a huge and ghastly oil-painting of all the beauties of the Saunby estate jumbled up together in one landscape.

However, their quiet life of loving only themselves and each other was rudely shattered when their father, the Major, felt he ought, for their sake, to marry again, and so brought Anthea into the house. Anthea was in her thirties, and had never known happiness, though she had read many, many books which told their readers how to obtain it. She found, however, that after the first lollipop period of matrimony the Major made a disappointing husband. Really he would have preferred her to have been a professional cricketer, though he had one already on the premises—the unmoral, but very likeable, Thompson, whose male allure at least kept the maids from giving in their notice; though one ruined his life by pretending that he would have to marry her now, and another brought real sorrow into his life as well as her own. Anthea, however, was one of those earnest women who possess no tact in their highly moral purposes. She gave birth to twins, which added terribly to an already heavily mortgaged estate. It became at last a question of the Saunby cricket week and debts and the future of Anthea's children and the same debts, but for another purpose. Anthea, aided and abetted by Nurse Pye, a super-professional midwife who had been born to manage or burst, got what she wanted.

Midway through the story we very nearly say good-bye to Anthea and follow Christine and the rich young cricketer with whom she fell in love and married. He was an only son who did nothing but play cricket, because his parents loved him so much that to go away to play cricket in the summer was all the time he could be spared from home. Unfortunately, he had drifted into that set of provincial, very noisy, rather than Bright Young Things who raced about their county in their cars "seeking out, simply divine 'pubs.'" The marriage was

not a success, because Christine loved him too much and he had too little to do. When he was casually unfaithful to her once, Christine with her child left him, returned home, and then found a job in London where the wages were just sufficient for a lady to starve genteelly. However, it all comes out right at the end for everybody, more or less. And you will perceive by this brief summary that the story has neither a murder nor one really tense situation. Yet it is absorbing just the same, because the people are so actual—or, at any rate, Mrs. Whipple makes them seem so.

It is all delightful entertainment. The laughter is real laughter, never forced, and the tears when they come are unforced too. Chiefly, however, it is all quiet amusement. There isn't a character who doesn't leave his or her indelible mark on your memory. Their behaviour and the emotions which prompt this behaviour are so human that it is difficult to believe they are not real men and women. Consciously serious, consciously pathetic; unconsciously self-deceptive and unconsciously absurd. As so many of us are! That is why, perhaps, nobody is absolutely unlovable in the eyes of somebody. Even the most exasperating people in "The Priory" are welcome, simply because they make us smile and laugh. We know

(Continued on page 242.)



Houston Rogers

MISS PAT BURKE

The attractive daughter of that sweet singer, Miss Marie Burke. Pat Burke has her first big West End part in the new Firth Shepherd production, *Sitting Pretty*, which opened at Blackpool on July 31, and arrives at the Princes Theatre on August 17. Pat Burke was born in Milan, educated in Australia, America and England, and on the stage at sixteen



A GENERAL VIEW AT THE ROYAL YACHT, SQUADRON G.H.Q. AT COWES—OF OLD TIMES A FORTRESS GUARDING THE SEAS



A GROUP ON THE LAWN AT THE R.Y.S. WHICH INCLUDES MRS. GEORGE PHILLIPSON, MRS. SOPWITH, MRS. MUNRO KERR, MRS. STRICKLAND, MAJOR GEORGE PHILLIPSON, LORD PORTAL, MRS. LEWIS, MAJOR LEWIS AND MISS LEWIS

Perhaps the most general lament heard on all sides at Cowes was the absence of Their Majesties. This famous gathering of all that is illustrious in the yachting world was therefore somewhat incomplete. The first day was marred by a fatality in which a professional hand in one of the small craft was drowned, and another catastrophe was only narrowly averted when Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's "Tomahawk" just missed colliding with Mr. Harold Vanderbilt's "Vim," in the 12-metre class. The "Tomahawk" immediately hoisted a protest flag, and after a two-and-a-half hours' deliberation, the Sailing Committee of the R.Y.S. decided in her favour—a foregone conclusion. On the following day, in greatly improved weather conditions, "Tomahawk" won the King's Cup, beating Mr. C. R. Fairey's "Evaine" by the good margin of five-and-a-half minutes. As to weather conditions, a strong south-westerly breeze was blowing, which was too much for the majority of the boats, because with the tide setting to the westward against the wind, a very heavy short sea got up. Owing to the early finish of racing, a big crowd assembled on the Squadron lawn for tea, which included such well-known figures as Mrs. T. O. M. Sopwith, wife of "Tomahawk's" owner, Lord Portal, owner of the steam yacht "Star of India," and many other celebrities

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

them all so well and, with luck, we don't have to live either with them or on them.

Thoughts from "The Priory."

"Love is happy only when it is confident. When it is humble it is full of pain and misgiving: there is hardly any happiness to be had out of it at all."

"To prophesy trouble, and that trouble to come, is always gratifying to the prophet if to no one else."

"Women may be too subtle for men, but as it is probable that they suffer most from this subtlety, it seems a pity they should have been endowed with it."

"The young can't allow for flaws. No flaws, they say, forgetful of their own, and if they find flaws they take back their love and turn sadly away."

Tale of a Convent.

There is always one human characteristic which it is usually more or less fatal to possess; even though the possessor thereof may rightly be upon visiting terms with the saints. I mean the self-sacrificially impulsive. Always so many glorious beginnings; often so many grimly lonely ends! The self-sacrifice usually outliving the impulse by years. And nobody ever pities the impulsive one. They may applaud his or her act of self-sacrifice at the start, because acts of self-sacrifice are always applauded then. Nobody ever grudges glory to the man who is ready to do just the thing we should hate doing ourselves. When that glory has departed the glorifiers are usually the first to cast the moral stone, and have, indeed, invented one of the very coldest moral adages ever conceived—the one about lying on the bed you have made for yourself (though it must be confessed that, should that bed become a luxurious divan, you can hardly find space sufficient for yourself to sit on the edge of it, much less lie down, so eager are friends to keep you company!). All the same, there are few tragedies in life which gnaw and go on gnawing so relentlessly as the self-sacrifice which has outlived its first blind impulse.

"The Convent" (Dent; 8s. 6d.)—is it a novel or an autobiography?—by Alyse Simpson is the account of such a tragedy. The convent is a Swiss convent, and it is the story of a group of women, many of whom, including the writer, in an emotional moment, had become religious, only to discover, after the first spiritual impulse was over, that they had no real aptitude for the religious life. Thus the final escape to freedom reads not so much like a denial of the saint-like routine as an escape from—shall we say?—Dartmoor Prison. But, according to this book, the Convent of the Mystic Rose was indeed, as much a trial to the spirit as it was to the body. The food was abominable and almost totally lacking in nutritive content. The nuns were grossly overworked. They had entered in order, by contemplation, to get to God, only to find that they were given scarcely a moment to them-

selves, apart from hard manual labour. They were also kept in a state of dirt by tradition; so much so that little boys used to hold their noses as they passed by. Only four times a year were they allowed baths. Consequently, ill-health and disease was rampant, and many of the nuns were in an advanced stage of consumption. Hysteria was a common complaint, and a number of the inmates went completely off their heads.

For example, there was the youngest of them all, Sister Anastasia, "who every now and then talked to herself, waited a bit, and then made constant secret plans to meet Jesus. She had to do it in secret, she said, because evil spirits might waylay her." It is a ghastly, heart-breaking picture, but when reasons of ill-health are no bar to entrance it is scarcely surprising. In any case, the picture is one of feminine administration at its worst—favouritism, petty tyranny, vindictive persecution and hard, absurd laws. Undoubtedly it is the description of an exceptional case, darkened, perhaps, by a memory which remembers only the darker side. Yet

it is all strangely pathetic and moving, and, as a narrative, very well told. Even in the darkness of the story there move a few nuns who, by comparison, seemed to the writer to be saints.

For Those Who Like Crime.

"Mr. Babbacombe Dies" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), by Miles Burton, is an excellent murder-story which has only one real fault—the ordinary reader will spot the murderer far sooner than the spotlit detective. Which, of course, rather robs that gentleman of his spot-light. To my way of thinking, in the ideal crime-story the reader should always be at least one clue behind Scotland Yard. Apart from this, Mr. Burton has given us a really exciting yarn. Perhaps the victim of the crime, and the environment connected with it, are by now familiar, but the character-drawing is, on the whole, very good, so you have not too greatly the impression

of having met the victim and the circumstances often before.

Briefly, the victim is a rich, bad-tempered old man surrounded by impecunious relations, each of whom hopes to benefit by his death. When the old man dies, presumably of gastritis, it requires all the ingenuity of Desmond Merriion to discover that death was really due to arsenical poison, and, much later on, of course, to bring to justice the one who administered the fatal dose. The suspense is very well drawn out—with the proviso that the game of spot-the-murderer is, in this instance, too easy. Apart from this defect here is a book which will provide some good hours' entertainment for those who like their entertainment to be mysterious, dramatic and exciting from the first page onwards. As a writer of detective fiction, Mr. Burton here once again shows us that he is rapidly approaching the rank of those authors who, in this type of story, belong to the first class.



H.H. THE SHAH OF BAHRAIN'S NEW YACHT

The vessel on board of which the group was taken was presented to the Ruler of Bahrain, H.H. Shaik Sir Hamed Bin Isa, by the Bahrain Petroleum Company, which operates in his territory. Bahrain is a small Arab island State in the Persian Gulf, famous now and in the past for pearls, and, of late, for oil. It is a British naval base and airport. The new yacht, which was built in America, is 50 ft. long, with a powerful Diesel engine. His Highness is on the right of the picture. The others included are Mr. C. Dalrymple Belgrave, Adviser to the Government of Bahrain, Mr. J. Black, of the Bahrain Petroleum Company, and Mr. and Mrs. Max Thornburg, he being the president of the Bahrain Petroleum Company

THE GREAT YACHTING FESTIVAL



MR. AND MRS. JOHN GRETTON
AND (RIGHT) LORD ROSSMORE,
IN THE FINEST FETTER



LADY POWERSCOURT WITH MR. AND
THE HON. MRS. FITZHERBERT WRIGHT
AND THE HON. MERVYN WINGFIELD



MRS. ROBERT LAYCOCK AND
LADY ISABEL GUINNESS



LADY GUNSTON, LT.-COL. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P., SIR
DEREK GUNSTON, M.P., AND MR. R. S. HUDSON, M.P.

BELOW: MAJOR SIR PHILIP HUNLOKE AND LADY JOAN COLVILLE



ASHORE FROM "PENGUIN": MAJOR
AND MRS. CYRIL DRUMMOND



Lady Isabel Manners, with whom is seen another Leicestershire well-known, came ashore with her husband from "Atlantis," and Major and Mrs. Cyril Drummond were entertaining on board "Penguin." Among many M.P.s present was Mr. R. S. Hudson who must have found Cowes Regatta a pleasant rest after countless journeyings on behalf of British trade. Naturally that famous helmsman, Major Sir Philip Hunloke, was out and about. Would that he were still skippering a winning Royal Yacht!



**BOBBY LOCKE, BEATER OF CHAMPIONS,
WITH R. BURTON, OPEN CHAMPION**

A picture taken on the memorable occasion when Bobby Locke, South Africa, beat the Open champion, R. Burton, 10 and 9, in the £250 challenge match at Mere, Cheshire. About two months ago, Bobby Locke beat R. A. Whitcombe, the former champion, in a similar match at Coombe Hill, 6 and 5. Good going!

PERHAPS your thoughts, like mine, are turning to holidays. In any case, I am going to make bold to offer a little advice on holidays in general, and golfing holidays in particular. It all depends on your temperament, of course, but one of my first canons of holiday-making is that the more you enjoyed yourself last year the more determined you should be not to return to the same place this year. That is why I am not going to play in the German Championships this year at Bad Ems. Two years ago I joined a party there, amongst whom were General Critchley, Col. Moore-Brabazon and Frank Gentle. Every evening we used to ride across the hills in the General's caravan to Coblenz and eat Rhine salmon beside the river, and altogether we had the week of our lives. Whatever happened at Bad Ems this year could only be anti-climax.

The week-end golfer tends to spoil his three weeks' holiday through lack of forethought. He dashes into the fray with two rounds a day and nine holes after tea. His form is far from what he had envisaged as he sat in his office. Gradually it improves and he begins to believe that the game is only a matter of practice, and if he played every day he'd soon be down to single figures. Towards the end of his holiday he is tired of golf and all who play it, and his game is worse than when he started. Why? Because he has played all day and every day, with an increasing feeling of guilt at leaving his wife and offspring to fend for themselves, and having paid an exorbitant price for his monthly ticket, he has played every round on the same course.

Some of the happiest weeks I have spent in the past couple of years have been at St. Enodoc, Saunton, and Portrush.

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

The basis of those weeks was golf, yet my vividest memories of St. Enodoc are the evenings I spent in smiting the local partridge with a kindly member of the club and watching the surf-bathing at Polzeath. At Saunton I shall never forget the evening when we went across to the flower-farm next to the links to see acres of hyacinths and later to walk knee-deep in wild forget-me-nots. And Portrush; why the golf is magnificent, but what I remember is a voyage into the bay with the salmon fishermen to help them haul in their nets. The spice of variety is the makings of your golfing holiday. Tear yourself away from that golf course, even if it's only for "once round the lighthouse" in the "Skylark," and all will be well.

Scenery makes all the difference to holiday golf. Perhaps the two finest examinations in golf in Britain are Hoylake and Carnoustie, but my conscience would not let me advise you to go to either of these towns for a holiday lasting more than three or four days. The golf is merciless, the scene prosaic. Go rather to the hills or the seaside. Sometimes you can combine the two. Breathes there a golfer with soul so dead that he has forgotten the moment when first he stood on Gullane Hill and surveyed

the golden sands below and the dim network of the Forth Bridge in the distance? On that lovely stretch of country are the three Gullane courses, Luffness Old and Luffness New, and room, as it seems, for a dozen more. On the left is Longniddry, on the right Muirfield. A few miles eastward is, in a way the most fascinating of them all, North Berwick. A different course every day for a week—can you ask for more?

This summer I am planning to break new ground in the Highlands. Like me you have doubtless heard the praises of Dornoch and Nairn, where in summer-time you can finish your round at midnight. It takes a day and a half to get there, but by all accounts it's worth it. I will let you know when I come back. Again, I took the 'plane one week-end last summer from Glasgow to Machrihanish, that most natural of all golf courses, with perhaps the most terrifying opening hole in the world, where you drive straight across the Atlantic, biting off as much as you think you can chew at that hour of the morning. When the 'plane took off again and disappeared in the direction of Islay, I wished I had

been with it. This summer I intend to complete the journey and see Islay, too.

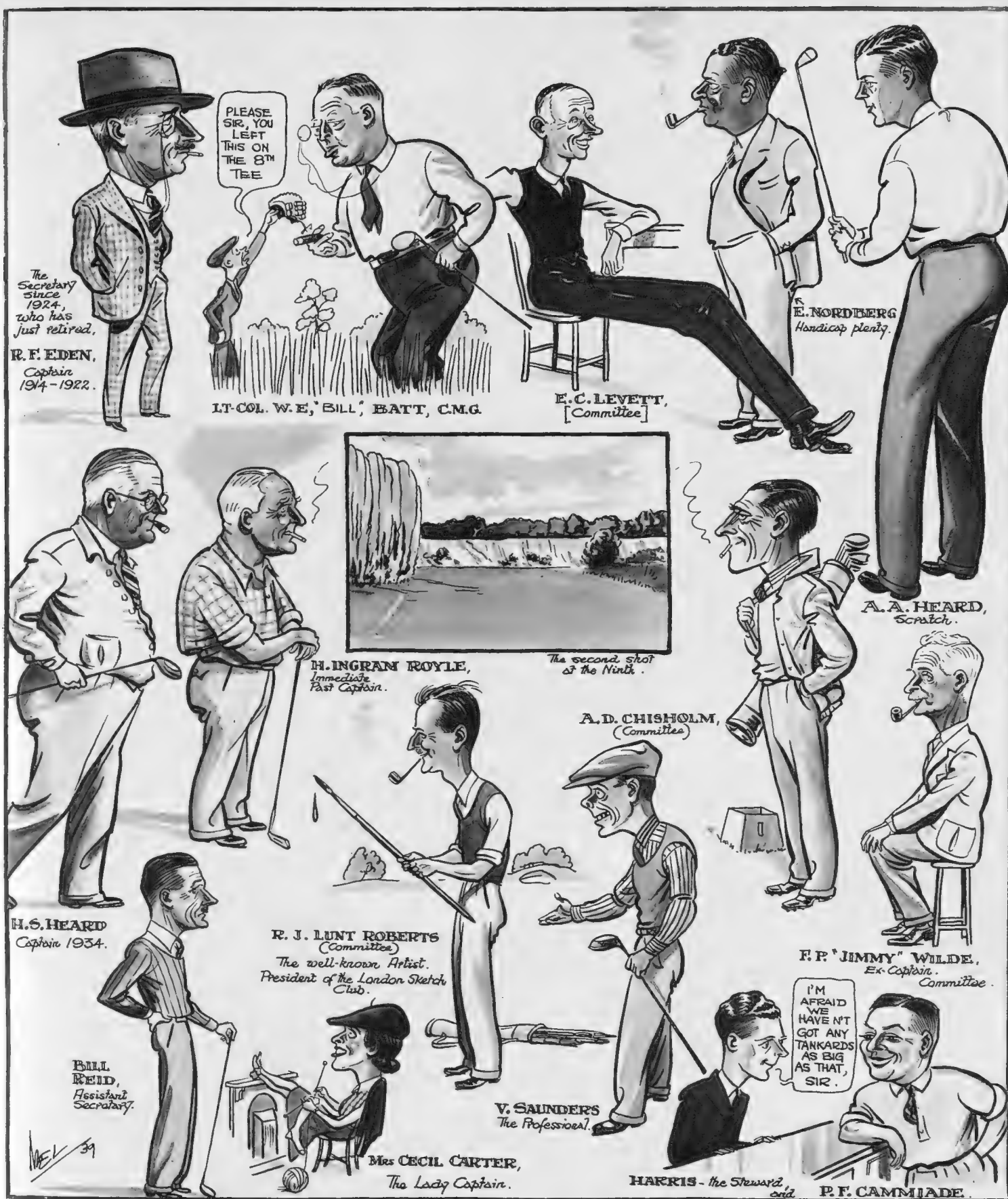
And don't forget Ireland. Take your golf clubs, your fishing rods, your gun and your car, and start at Dublin, with golf at Portmarnock and Dollymount. Then drive across to the West and take in Ballybunion, one of Nature's grandest golf courses, where your slice goes straight into the ocean with nothing between the ball and Long Island, New York. Drive down through Kerry, through the loveliest scenery under the sun, and finish at Killarney, and see for yourself that Hamilton White, our greenkeeper down there, was right when he said that he had made courses all over the world but Killarney was "queen of them all."



**TOM WEBSTER'S SON CHRISTENED,
HENRY COTTON ASSISTING**

The son and heir of the house of Webster was christened at St. James's, Spanish Place, and at the "reception" afterwards Henry Cotton made him a presentation of a miniature golf-club. The recipient does not seem to be particularly impressed

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



COOMBE WOOD GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

Coombe Wood Golf Club, which is about twenty minutes from Piccadilly Circus by car on the way to Kingston, was founded in 1904, when the late Lord Balfour was the first captain. Though not a long course, it is very pretty and quite a good test of golf for all those not in the tiger class. All the surrounding country at one time belonged to H.R.H. the late Duke of Cambridge, whose sons, Admiral Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge and Colonel Sir Augustus FitzGeorge, were captains of the Club in 1905, and 1921 and 1933 respectively. There are eight holes on the lower ground on one side of the road, and ten on the club-house side. There are about 390 members all told. Mr. R. F. Eden, who has been a captain of the Club, has just retired from the post of secretary, which he has so ably held since 1924. He is succeeded by Mr. Murray Cooper

NEXT WEEK: WALLASEY GOLF CLUB.



THIRTY-TWO STRONG: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RICHMOND'S GOODWOOD HOUSE-PARTY FOR GOODWOOD

Russell

Top row (left to right): The Duke of Roxburghe, Mr. Ian Coates, Capt. Sir Terence Falkiner, Mr. M. Lewis, Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck, Capt. Sir John Carew Pole, Lord Claud Hamilton, Major Lindsay. Second row: Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Lady Haddington, the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Hon. Mrs. Alexander, Lady Anne Spencer, Mrs. Ririd Middleton, Lord Haddington, Lady Falkiner, Miss B. Vesey, Wing Commander Fielden, Lady Carew Pole, Mr. Withington. Third row: Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Lady Brassey, the Duchess of Richmond, the Duke of Richmond, Miss Cynthia Westenra, Miss Rosemary Grosvenor, Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, Major the Hon. W. Alexander, Lord Brassey. Front row: Lord March, Miss Virginia Seymour, Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox



AT TURNBERRY: MR. ARCHIE PENN AND THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND



ALSO PLAYING GOLF AT TURNBERRY: LORD TITCHFIELD, LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN AND COLONEL LLOYD



MORE TURNBERRY GOLFERS: LADY TITCHFIELD AND CAPT. MACMILLAN

There is no space to go into details concerning the huge group of notabilities heading this page, beyond saying that the race-week parties of the owner of Goodwood racecourse and his Duchess are deservedly famous, and that a thirty-two-strong house-party is no strain on Goodwood House. Looking south to the three other pictures we go north-west to a famous Ayrshire links, where two M.P.s have been among golfing celebrities. The Member for Newark went up to Turnberry, with Lady Titchfield, shortly after the Duke and Duchess of Portland's golden wedding celebrations at Worksop. Incidentally, their elder daughter and Lord Titchfield's younger brother appear in the Goodwood group. Captain Harold Macmillan, whose brother-in-law, the Duke of Devonshire, has just returned from a very successful political tour of South Africa, is Member for Stockton-on-Tees



Ursula Powys-Lybbe

CAMERA SIDELIGHTS ON LADY RONALDSHAY

Continuing our series of personality in composite picture form, we present Lord and Lady Zetland's daughter-in-law surrounded by leading concerns of her London daily life. Laurence Mark, Lord Dundas (he answers to Mark), just had to feature twice—who could resist that appealing back view? He will be two in Christmas week, and if he doesn't get two lots of presents we shall be surprised. Driving her car, playing hard games of tennis and squash, and taking excellent photographs are popular outdoor occupations with Lady Ronaldshay. Indoors at 26, Cambridge Square, her artistic taste in decoration is very evident—witness the all-white alcove on the stairs. And do not miss her diary, a fat tome in which daily entries are conscientiously made. The former Miss Penelope Pike, whose father, Colonel Eben Pike, commanded the 1st Battn. Grenadier Guards, and whose mother is art famous as Olive Snell, has been married to the elder son of the Secretary of State for India and Burma since 1936. She and her husband share many interests and find life great fun

BALDOYLE OPENS—
DUBLIN'S GREAT "WEEK"

CELEBRITIES ALL: MR. JUSTICE WYLIE
AND MAJOR AND MRS. EVELYN SHIRLEY



OWNER AND FAMILY:

Miss Joan Stafford King-Harman, Sir Cecil Stafford King-Harman (Owner), Miss Anne Stafford King-Harman, Mr. Isidore Blake and Lady Stafford King-Harman



MISS ETHEL JAMESON AND
MISS JOAN HILL-DILLON



Photos: Poole, Dublin

WELL-PLACED ON THE RAILS: MR. DARBY KENNEDY, THE
HON. GERALD WELLESLEY, THE WELL-KNOWN TRAINER, AND
LADY GEORGINA HAY



MISS BARBARA JAMESON
WITH MR. MAXWELL ARNOTT

Baldoye is more or less a sighting shot for the great week which is now in progress in Eire with the Dublin Horse Show as the pivot. Everyone in Ireland who has ever had anything to do with a horse is there, as usual, and recent things which have been happening in England do not seem to have had any appreciable effect on the size of our contingent. This page is packed with celebrities, headed by the redoubtable ex-Master of The Ward. Mr. Justice Wylie had them from 1925 till the end of this season—a great reign. He was elected a member of the Irish Turf Club this year. Major Evelyn Shirley is Joint Master of the Meath and a noted breeder of blood-stock. The King-Harman family are watching the Senior Steward's "Macnoochie" being saddled for the Sheilmartin Plate in which he ran up beaten a head by Sir Percy Loraine's "Maremma." Mr. Isidore Blake, also in this group, is likewise a Steward of the Irish Turf Club. Mr. Kennedy is the son of the man who took "Roi Herode" to Ireland, the late Mr. Edward Kennedy, and Lady Georgina Hay (same group) is Lord and Lady Tweeddale's eldest daughter. Miss Jameson, gazing at the number board, is a well-known young owner, both sides of the Irish Sea, and Mr. Arnott, a kinsman of Sir John, is a trainer and keen polo player

FAMILY AFFAIR : A CHRISTENING PARTY AT CHIRK CASTLE



THE HON. PRISCILLA SCOTT-ELLIS
AND MISS CONSUELA MONTMAR



MR. RICHARD AND THE HON. MRS. HEATHCOTE-AMORY
AND JUST-CHRISTENED DAUGHTER



THE HON. JOHN AND MRS. GRIMSTON
(A GODMOTHER) ADMIRE EVELYN HELEN



THE HON. MRS. SCOTT-ELLIS WITH
DAUGHTER HAZEL AND NEPHEW HUGH



COUNTESS SERGE ORLOFF-DAVIDOFF
AND HER DAUGHTER TATIANA



THE HON. MRS. JAMES LINDSAY WITH
HER SONS HUGH AND ALEXANDER

Henry Heathcote-Amory, of Hele Manor, Somerset. Three of the baby's aunts, and an aunt by marriage, came under camera fire, namely, the Hon. Priscilla Scott-Ellis, Countess Serge Orloff-Davidoff, the Hon. Mrs. James Lindsay, and the Hon. Mrs. John Scott-Ellis, wife of the only son of the house. Several young first cousins were there, too, all very interested in their latest relation who played her leading part with great composure. The Hon. Mrs. John Grimston, one of five godparents making vows on Miss Heathcote-Amory's behalf, is Lord Verulam's daughter-in-law. Her husband helps to defend London from aerial menace as a Pilot-Officer, 601 Fighter Squadron, Auxiliary Air Force

Photographs: Truman Howell

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

Nobility and Fi-fo-fum

"AND now, sir, what can I do for you, to justify the expenditure of so many words and this great exhibition of fi-fo-fum?"

Thus Mephistopheles, when Faustus has conjured him from the dragon-mouth of Hell in *The Devil to Pay*. At the time of seeing, you are impressed by much that is noble in this semi-religious, quasi-poetic, part-metaphysical play by Miss Dorothy Sayers. But when, after a few days, you cast your mind back at it, little of the nobility is readily recaptured; unless, that is to say, you are an insistent mystic. You will remember the struggle over the soul of Faustus, before a Judge whose words are like music by Bach; the lingering exit of Faustus into Hell's mouth, after he has chosen damnation so that he can look up to God; the sonorous chanting from Heaven at the curtain's fall; perhaps, from an early Act, the homily addressed to Faustus by a particularly gentle Pope:—

Son, go in peace; for thou has sinned
through love;
To such sin God is merciful. Not yet
Has thy familiar devil persuaded thee
To that last sin against the Holy
Ghost
Which is, to call good evil, evil good.
Only for that is no forgiveness.

But more easily, you will remember the fi-fo-fum: the first thunderous apparition of Mephistopheles, trailing a tail that would serve either a nettlesome lion or an outsize Mickey Mouse; the phosphorous glint in his eye; the tricks with a magic mirror that reflects for Faustus himself-when-young and dazzles him



FI-FO-FUM
BY MEPHISTOPHELES:
FRANK NAPIER,
HARCOURT WILLIAMS

with Helen of Troy; the scene-shifting by small imps from hell; the sorcery in general; the gloating of Mephistopheles when Faustus awaits his consignment to the nethermost pit:—

Jump little man
As high as you can;
The way across
Is by thorn and cross;
But the only way round
Leads into the pound,
So hey, so ho,
And over you go.

This by no means indicates that Miss Sayers has written a fi-fo-fum play, or that her treatment of the Faust legend is not dignified and intelligent. She has not, and it is. In that direction it suggests no more than that, being neither a Marlowe nor a Goethe, her treatment is less poetic than either of theirs; also, perhaps, that the religious intent of *The Devil to Pay* may have been more impressive when presented in Canterbury Cathedral than it now is at His Majesty's Theatre. What it does indicate is that Miss Sayers has recaptured the spirit of medieval morality-drama, in which the Devil, and lesser devils, provided not only brimstone and sulphur, but also horseplay, practical jokes, conjuring tricks and poltergeist antics.

Beyond this the Devil, or, rather, his ambassador, has again become, if not the hero of the piece, an attractive villain whom none will want to hiss—this in spite of the fact that, on this occasion, the Devil is no sort of gentleman. The Mephistopheles at His Majesty's is a grandly vulgar fellow who seems to have borrowed make-up and mannerisms from several popular comedians: leer and eyebrows from



Robey, eye-rolling from George Jackley, fruity pathos from Jay Laurier as a Shakespearean clown (a good example of this is the comic disgust of Mephistopheles when the Angel Azrael fails to greet him: "Stuck up snob! Can't even recognise an old companion who's come down in the world"). Add much that recalls Gilbert's John Wellington Wells, *The Sorcerer's* dealer in magic and spells, and his versatility is far from ended. Turning from mischief, he employs a touch of Shylock clamouring for the bond of which the Christians would cheat him; and elsewhere he can split metaphysical hairs, be a demagogue denouncing the tyranny of God, or a Ribbentrop counselling deceit in statecraft. The author, the nature of her beast and his excellent interpreter, Mr. Frank Napier, have between them provided a devil of a fine character-*rôle*. This Mephistopheles, in fact, is a good deal more "human" than the humanistic Faustus whom he tempts and serves.

For Faustus, a scholar overloaded with pity for his fellow-creatures, has little personality except what he can obtain from his actor. His author has given him next to no personal life, and no Marguerite. His motive in conjuring up the fiend is not to win youth or pleasure or power, nor even to satisfy curiosity and slake a thirst for knowledge. It is to win magical aid for the service of mankind and his battle against God's cruelty to man. When carrying out the terrible experiment, he shows no more excitement than he would when eating a strange meal. There is no fire in him except when, having gone to Rome "to beard God in his stronghold," he momentarily rouses the mob against its priestly masters. Unable to change man's nature, he falls into childish disillusion; at which point he is ready for the infernal bargain with Mephistopheles—who uses as bait the offer of Helen of Troy as paramour. She is presented as the world's desire, "the worm in the brain"; but she is little more than a shade. So, in fact, is the Young Faustus, who is given twenty-four years of youth unhampered by the knowledge of good and evil. He comes to evident life once only, when revelling in a vision of carnage: the sack of Rome by the Emperor's



ABOVE: FOLLOWERS OF FAUSTUS: DAVID PHETHEAN, DIANA DEANE. ON LEFT: YOUNG FAUSTUS AND HELEN OF TROY: ALASTAIR BANNERMAN, MARY ALEXANDER

army. Mr. Alastair Bannerman, playing the young Faustus, has small opportunity for sensitive acting, and none at all for emotion. Mr. Harcourt Williams, as Faustus himself, can at any rate act torment of the spirit; and this he does with urgent sincerity, especially in his trial before the celestial Judge.

Upon this trial, finely and touchingly staged, may largely depend the play's degree of success in the commercial theatre. It raises a well-imagined problem in celestial jurisprudence. The soul of

Faustus, deprived for twenty-four years of knowledge of good and evil, has so dwindled that it has become a small black spaniel. Mephistopheles blusters, demanding redress against Azrael, the Angel of death; Azrael replies with a counter-claim for damage done by Mephistopheles to the goods as delivered. It is a nice point for legal minds, but unfortunately it is argued at such length and with so much about caveats, mortgages and whatnot, that the barristers in the audience may be expected to enjoy its presentation a great deal more than

laymen will or can. But when these pedantries are over, and the Judge pronounces sentence, Faustus and his author touch the heights for the first time. Miss Sayers has compromised between the relentless solution of Marlowe, who sent his Faustus to eternal damnation, and the sentimental one by Goethe, who cheated Mephistopheles and sent Faust to heaven because he had sinned through love and the desire for knowledge. The Faustus of *The Devil to Pay* must pay for sin, in that he did sell a soul for which Christ died; and he must choose his punishment—either to wander for ever between the worlds, unblest, undamned, content but ignorant of God; or to go down to Hell, and through the bars,

Gaze on the glory of the Lord far off
And know that he is terrible and just.

He chooses Hell and no hope given that he can still call on God; and having chosen, he receives hope notwithstanding—damnation is not eternal, for when he is burned and purged, he will be brought again from the deep. These passages, admirable in themselves, benefit greatly from Mr. Harcourt Williams' assumption of spiritual agony, from the beautiful diction of Mr. Raf de la Torre as the Judge, and finally from the sonorous choir chanting. In the last twenty minutes the play glows; whereas it has suffered until then from the hero's lack of warmth. Mr. J. Fisher White's Pope is a memorable cameo; Mr. John Munn is a dignified Azrael; Miss Diana Deane gives limpid simplicity to the maidservant of Faustus.

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Written from the Farm on the Island.

QUITE a few of our celebrities have arrived at the Island, Très Cher, and are wallowing in silent beatitude, on parole for the time being, freed from the rush and worry of town and work. Of the whole week, Monday is the happiest day. "For why?" as queries the ineffable Grock in French: *Pourquoi?* And the answer is: there are no daily papers on Monday! On Sundays there is one delivery and the postman thinks he gets a spot of his own back by withholding the *imprimés* on the morrow. Dear soul! If he only knew! We are always light-hearted and gay in this lil' Paradise, but on Mondays we irrepressibly bubble over. No headlines to disturb the foolish headline-skimmers for whom head-lines are printed. No leading articles to corrugate the smooth expanse of our highbrows' foreheads. We all play ostrich, bury our heads in the pine-needles and forget that such a place as Danzig exists, that Benito and Adolf rant and stamp, that yellow perils are on the warpath and that taxes crop up like the weeds on what is supposed to be my hard tennis court.

This reminds me, by the way, that I have come across a few—very few—visitors to France who are puzzled about the "armament tax," of one per cent., that they sometimes find on their bills. This tax was started some months ago, and at the time was duly announced in all the French papers and, I imagine, quite a few English dailies. The bigger the hotel, garage or pub, however, the less likely you are to find this mentioned as an item of the *douloureuse*. Perspicacious managers merely raise their prices *sub rosa*, having discovered long since that small details annoy the inexperienced traveller, who likes to get a bit more than full value for the 176 francs to the £ that makes life seem so cheap, in France, to those who do not always live there. Here on the Island, two things only are cheap: potatoes and salt, for we "make" potatoes and salt in this part of the world, but, for the rest, oh, la la! No! There is just one more thing I am forgetting: corn on the cob. The peasants grow maize only for their cattle and laugh if one offers payment for the few heads one poaches from the fields *en passant*. It is no good explaining what a divine dish it would make for their own table. They think one completely mad to eat *la nourriture des bestiaux*. Fish also is inexpensive if you have a boat or, failing that, the luck, skill and patience to

successfully dangle a line from the end of the mole! If you have to buy it from the local fishmonger you might just as well telephone up to Prunier's and have it sent down from Paris. From this you may well imagine that we have almost the Southern gift of exaggeration on my Island. Yesterday being Monday—I am writing early this week on account of Benk ollerday—a few kindred spirits foregathered for Cinzano, cider, fruit juice, salty biskis and *galette* under my favourite ilex tree. The only fly in our sunburn oil being that the ice-man had run short and, being

almost last on his route, I was one of the victims. However, Josephine, ever resourceful, had lowered most of the bottles into the well, losing only two in the process, so we managed to keep fairly cool, though Harry Baur did remark, *à propos de rien* (I hope), that the only place on earth where he could always be sure of an ice-cold drink was in Singapore. He came over from his house at l'Herbaudière, near the main fishing harbour on the other side of the Island, with his charming,

young second wife and his nineteen-year-old son, "Doudou," who has gone into Pictures with papa, using his mother's maiden name of Grane. Robert Kemp, the dramatic critic of *Le Temps*, and Yette, his wife, who has the loveliest head of long, golden, curly hair I have ever seen in post-war times, arrived from their cleverly transformed and modernised flour mill at Barbâtre, another "beauty spot" on the Island, but on the wilder Atlantic coast. We face

the Continent and are more sheltered from the winter gales, so that "on our side" we have camellias blooming in the gardens in December and mimosa in February. As for our magnolia trees, they are simply sensational. When Robert appeared we struck attitudes and Harry, remembering his Victor Hugo, spouted Marion Delorme's tragic curtain line: "*Regardez tous, voilà l'Homme Rouge qui passe*" for R. K. was wearing a sumpchious fishing suit of red twill with sou'-wester to match. I tried to get him to stay to dinner with the *arrière pensée* of coaxing him out to sit by the stream that runs at the bottom of the garden with a lantern after dusk. Every frog in the neighbourhood would have come to nestle in his lap. Do you like frog's legs, Très Cher? I do . . . occasionally. But I would not care to have the job of helping Josephine prepare them for the table, so perhaps it is just as well that Robert had to get home early to write his dramatic *feuilleton*.

PRISCILLA.



PERSONALITIES IN THE SUN AT VICHY

This famous French spa is now fast filling up with notabilities from far and wide, and the Sporting Club is a very popular rendezvous around about le five o'clock. Among recent visitors depicted above are Mlle. Annie Vernay, well-known French film actress, S.A.R. Archduke Francis Joseph of Austria, S.A.R. the Archduchess, Baron Philippe de Rothschild, and M. Léopold Marchand, the French dramatist



HONEYMOONERS AT DEAUVILLE

M. Sacha Guitry has just married for the fourth time, and here he is with his new wife, the former Mlle. Geneviève de Sérerville, who acts under the name of Geneviève de Saint Jean. The above photograph was taken at the Ambassadeurs during one of the Casino galas

THE RETURN OF "BEAU GESTE"



GARY COOPER IN RONALD COLMAN'S OLD PART

SUSAN HAYWARD, WHO PLAYS ISABEL IN P. C. WREN'S
FAMOUS FOREIGN LEGION STORY

The original presentation of this famous yarn all about the Foreign Legion and the three gallant lads who 'listed in it was first done in 1926 with Ronald Colman in the part of the chivalrous Beau. The re-make with Gary Cooper in the title-rôle is an even better production, with acting well up to the high standard of the original, and it made its bow to London on August 4 at the Carlton. The date was perhaps chosen deliberately, because, as most people know, *Beau Geste* has mainly to do with battle, murder and sudden death, and that was an anniversary of it

ON RIGHT: RAY MILLAND (JOHN GESTE), ROBERT
PRESTON (DIGBY) AND GARY COOPER (BEAU)



LE TOUQUET IN
GALA MOOD

AT THE GOLF HOTEL:
MR. AND MRS. IAIN MURRAY



MR. J. J. BUCHANAN, MRS. JOHN FORSYTHE-
FORREST, MR. FRANK DOUGLAS AND (IN
FOREGROUND) MR. JOHN
FORSYTHE-FORREST



GENERAL SIR HUGH
AND LADY ELLES



MRS. ANDRÉ DE COPPET, MR. TERENCE
WELDON AND MRS. CARMEN MESSMORE



THE HON. MRS.
BRYAN BURNS



LADY KNOLLYS, MAJOR CLIVE BURN
AND THE HON. MRS. SOMERSET MAXWELL

All present above caught by the photographic *franc-tireur* at a moment when they appeared to be in particularly fine feather, especially one of them who did his best to give the camera a good chance of a little fancy portraiture. Mr. Frank Douglas, who is in the group with Mr. and Mrs. John Forsythe-Forrest, is not only a pillar of our Stock Exchange, but a very good golfer. That was the main objective of all the people at Le Touquet's Golf Hotel, where these pictures were secured. Mr. Iain Murray, seen with charming wife, the former Miss Angela Du Boulay, is the only son of the late Lt.-Col. Sir Malcolm Murray. Sir Hugh Elles, a former Master-General of Ordnance, has been Colonel Commandant of the Sappers since 1935. Lady Elles is Mrs. Iain Murray's mother, and was the widow of Lt.-Col. A. H. Du Boulay, who was killed in action in the war. Mr. Terence Weldon, Sir Anthony Weldon's brother, is in a group which includes Mrs. Messmore, whose husband is the head of Knoedlers, the famous art gallery. The Hon. Mrs. Bryan Burns is the only child of the late Lord Duveen, the famous art connoisseur, and Lady Duveen. With Lady Knollys is the Secretary to the Duchy of Cornwall, and the beautiful daughter of a former Master of the Belvoir, the late Captain Marshall Roberts; the Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell's husband is Lord Farnham's son and heir.

WEEK-ENDING IN SUSSEX



A RECENT HOUSE PARTY:

(L.-R.) Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux and Mr. Fred Stanley. In front: Peter Stanley and the Hon. Julian Brougham. Sitting: Mrs. Fred Stanley and Sarah Stanley



LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX WITH HIS BABY SON MICHAEL AND HIS SON AND HEIR JULIAN



Photos: Swaeb

TAKEN FOR A RIDE (BY LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX): SARAH AND PETER STANLEY AND (CENTRE) JULIAN BROUGHAM



A CHARMING FAMILY DUET: LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX WITH MICHAEL, WHO WILL BE ONE TO-MORROW, AUGUST 10

These pleasantly intimate family groups were taken at Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux's house which they rented for two months at Cowfold, Sussex. Lord Brougham, who was in the Supplementary Reserve, the Scots Guards, was first married in 1931, to Miss Valerie French, by which union there was one son, Julian, born in 1932. By his second marriage in 1935, to Miss Jean Spencer Follett, there is another son, Michael, who has his first birthday-party to-morrow. Peter and Sarah Stanley are the son and daughter of, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stanley, who were staying with Lord and Lady Brougham. The three dogs, Nan, Harold and Chum, are inseparable companions of young Michael, a particularly cheerful and lively young gentleman. Lord and Lady Brougham hope to have a short holiday at Le Touquet, but their plans are necessarily rather unsettled owing to Lord Brougham now being a Territorial officer, undergoing strenuous training and of course going to camp.

SOCIETY PORTRAITURE



THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRIDGEMAN AND HER CHILDREN,
THERESA ANNE AND ERICA JANE

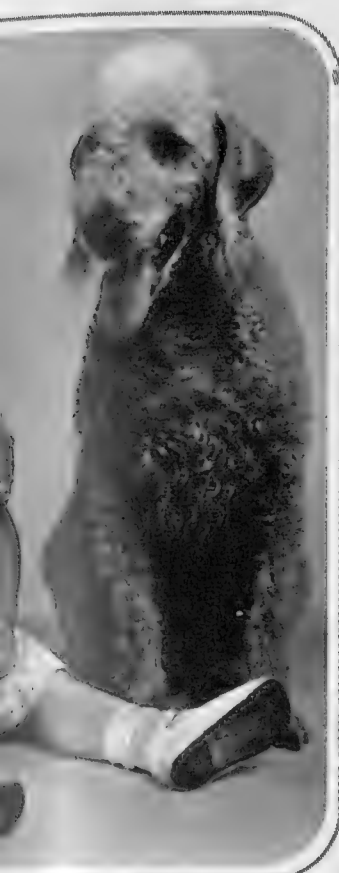
Marcus Adams



SIMON DRURY-LOWE
AND "PETER"

The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Bridgeman, of whom the photographer has scored an artistic success, is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Minto Wilson, and was married to Lord Bridgeman's younger brother in 1933. Erica, the elder of their two charming little children, was born in 1934, and her sister four years later. The Hon. Maurice Bridgeman's father, the first Lord Bridgeman, was Home Secretary from 1922 to 1924 when he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, a charge which he held till 1929. The present Lord Bridgeman was formerly in the Rifle

IN ITS BEST EXPRESSION



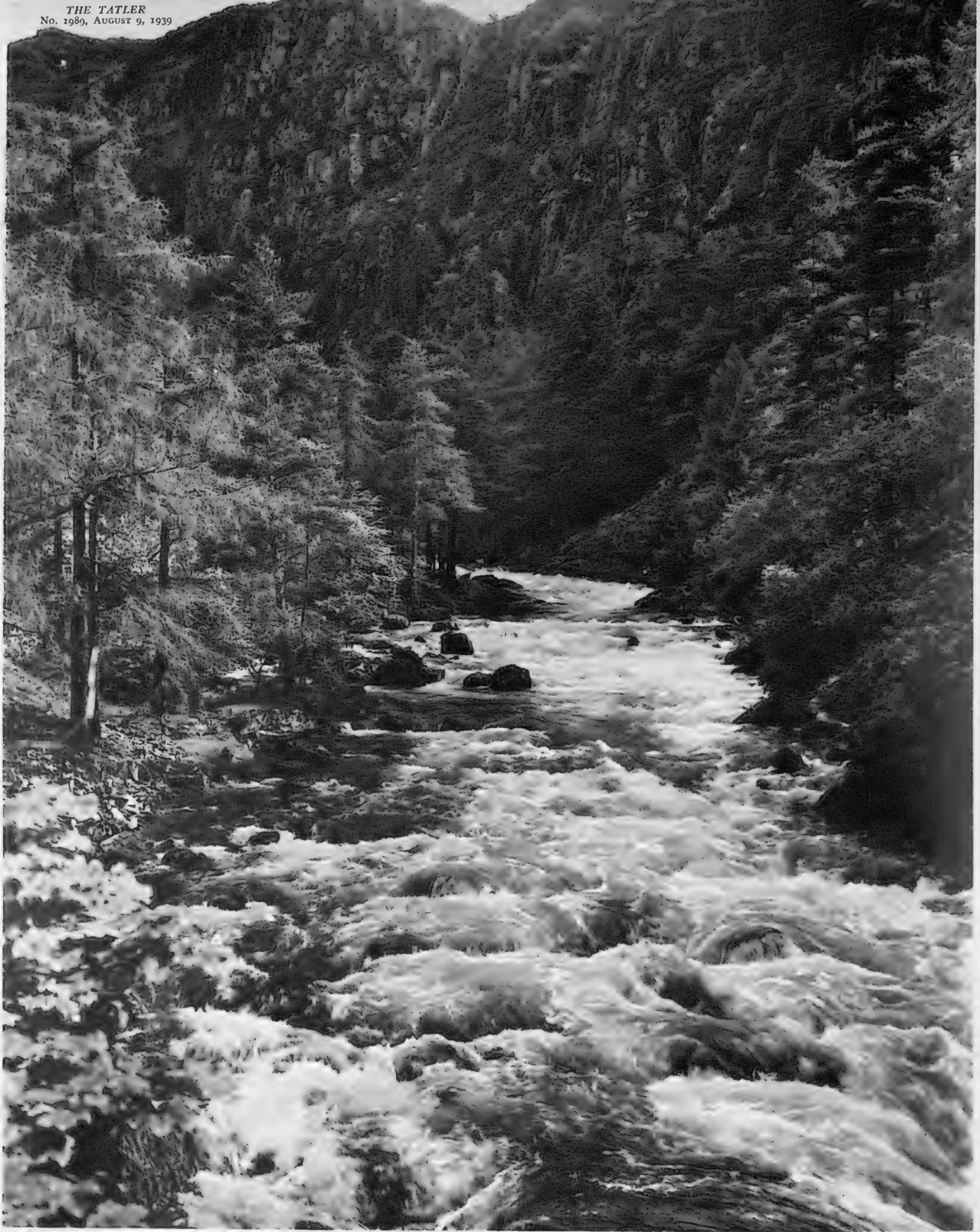
Kathleen Iddon
ABOVE AND BELOW)
BEDLINGTON"



MRS. JOHN DRURY-LOWE AND ANOTHER PICTURE OF SIMON
AND HIS DOG "PETER"

Kathleen Iddon

Brigade, and got a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy on his retirement. Mrs. John Drury-Lowe, wife of Captain John Drury-Lowe, Scots Guards, is a daughter of Sir Edward and the Hon. Lady Packe, who is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Colebrooke. Sir Edward Packe, whose seat is Prestwold Hall, Loughborough, is a kinsman of the Earl of Kimberley through his mother, the late Lady Alice Wodehouse, who married Mr. Hussey Packe. She was the elder daughter of the first Lord Kimberley, the forbear of the present peer, an ex-polo international



J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.

"BY DAY, A SHEEN OF SILVER,
BY NIGHT, A BED OF STARS"

—P. J. O'REILLY

A Welsh mountain stream in holiday mood, swirling and tumbling over the rocks in its hurry to the sea. The actual spot in Caernarvon where this beautiful picture was taken was the little Afon Glaslyn River at Pont Aber Glaslyn, Beddgelert, one of the many little bits of fairyland to be found in that fascinating country



IRINA BARONOVA'S FAREWELL:
(ON RIGHT) M. SEVASTIANOFF, HER HUSBAND



TATIANA RIABOUCHINSKA

THE RUSSIAN BALLET'S LAST NIGHT AT COVENT GARDEN



PRUDENCE HYMAN, ANTON DOLIN, AND HIS MOTHER

The last night of this season's Russian Ballet at Covent Garden was marked by the customary

thunderstorm of applause and Niagara of bouquets. The applause for every one of the stars was so deafening and overwhelming as to hold up the traffic of events, and this was particularly so when Irina Baronova made her final appearance as the Queen of the Swans in *Le Lac des Cygnes* in which she gave a more than ever exquisite performance. Baronova is leaving the Russian Ballet, and she and her husband, G. Sevastianoff, are intending to form a new ballet of their own. Anton Dolin was Baronova's partner in *Le Lac des Cygnes*, and Prudence Hyman, also in the picture with him and his mother, is a young English ballerina. Nina Verchinina made a very welcome return to the Russian Ballet this season, Tatiana Riabouchinska gave one of the most graceful performances of her career in Fokine's *Paganini* and in *The Blue Bird* ballets



NINA VERCHININA

Pictures in the Fire

By

"SABRETACHE"

Mikado, who made billiard sharps' play on cloths untrue, with a twisted cue and elliptical billiard-balls.

There are many persons whose punishments ought to be made to fit their crimes, but, so far, no legal draughtsman has had the courage to put forward anything in the way of a concrete suggestion. How about the conversationalist who insists upon talking to

you in a noisy railway train? Doesn't he deserve to be confined in a sound-proof cell with an electric road-drill and gramophone records of his own conversation? And that person who prefers to eat, drink and crack jokes all at the same moment; or the man who will not let you go to bed till he has finished telling you how he was bitten by a cobra in Cawnpore and got an alligator on the Congo with a March Brown; or the woman who wears clothes with patches of fur on them that make her look like a poodle, and who is always crabbing all the other women's kit? Surely all these persons deserve that something out of the ordinary should be inflicted upon them? The only question is what? It should certainly be painful and lingering.

In order to supplement and assist the action of the military authorities who have decreed that the publication of the monthly Army List shall cease, the general public can do a good deal by taking the very simple precaution of not talking about any postings, or other information of which it may be aware. Take this example of inadvertence—a common one. At lunch in a particularly well-known "eat-place," a charming lady was full of information as to the unit to which "darling Bill" had been sent, and wondered, far too much out loud, how he would like being in such a rotten spot as "X." This sounds harmless enough, but actually it is not. It works like this: "Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em . . ."—you know the rest. "Bill's" battalion is a unit of the *n*th Brigade, which, in turn, is part of the Blankety-Blank Division, which is, again, part of the Dot-Dash Corps, which is at Footslogger-in-the-Mud—and so on and so forth. The gentlemen who want to know whether you would like to have caviare or grape-fruit are all potential and—as I am fully persuaded in many cases—actual "agents," and they have very sharp ears. Furthermore, they certainly know who "Bill" is, just as well as you or I do. Until we take the prudent step of eliminating all the caviare-servers of alien origin, it would be far better if people who must talk in a public place confined their conversational energies to damning the weather.

Even Bartimæus himself could see how very diligent some people's Intelligence Services are at this moment, and I suggest that it is up to all of us to do our bit to defeat their operations and aid our own very hard-worked Department. As always, the outside seekers after the unconsidered trifle much prefer to use nationals other than their own, if they can get them. The obvious thing for them is to look for the financially embarrassed; the disgruntled, employee of a Government office, the private soldier who has had a bigger dose of the rough side of the sergeant-major's tongue than



A JOINT MEET OF THE DARTMOOR AND THE CHERITON OTTERHOUNDS.

A picturesque scene during the otterhound week when these two packs joined forces and met at Teignbridge, Kingsteignton, near Newton Abbot. Major G. L. Raikes is Master of the Dartmoor, and Mrs. F. M. Beaumont and Mr. C. R. Tritton the joint-Masters of the Cheriton. The Dartmoor were established in 1825, and are the oldest pack of their kind in Devon. The Cheriton were established in 1846 by Mr. William Cheriton

THE more bloody-minded amongst us have been putting forward various suggestions for the suppression and punishment of the particular form of crime from which we happen to be suffering at the moment. One such, which has been sent to me personally, is that the perpetrator, when, and if, caught, should be tied to a pile of suit-cases, in one of which is a clock-bomb, and that it should be so contrived that he should hear the "tick-tick-tick." The idea is no doubt suggested by W. S. Gilbert's



Pooler. Dublin

AT THE COUNTY MEATH SHOW AT NAVAN.

Well-knowns at the ringside during the hunter-judging, and the names (l. to r.) are: the Hon. Mrs. Corbally-Stourton, who, with her husband, is a Meath Hunt "regular"; Lieut.-Col. Arthur Brooke, a brother of Sir Francis Brooke, and Lady Athlumney, whose "Dollarstown" got a first in the five-year-old class, and will most probably be heard of again at the great Dublin Show which is now in progress;



THE GENTLEMEN OF HEREFORDSHIRE XI.

Seated (l. to r.): T. C. Green, F. J. Pryce-Jenkins, Colonel C. M. Thornycroft, C.B.E., D.S.O., and grandson, Mr. H. K. Foster, and H. E. Slaymaker. Standing (l. to r.): G. Sainsbury, J. M. Thornycroft, O. Adams, R. D. Powell, E. A. Gallimore, and W. K. Plant.

Rain wrecked this match, only one day's play being possible, and that only more or less in fits and starts. The Herefordshire Gentlemen were skippered by Colonel C. M. Thornycroft, who has four sons playing for the club, but only one of them and a grandson are in the picture. Mr. H. K. Foster is the famous Worcestershire captain who played for that club from 1890 to 1928, is an Oxford Blue, and a former racquets champion. Mr. Gerard Leigh Clay was O.C. the opposition, and is the Lord of the Manor of Brockhampton, and Colonel Guy Reynolds, seated next the skipper, is a former C.O. 9th Lancers, and used to be very well known in the racing world of India in the piping times of peace



Photos: Truman Howell

THE SOUTH WALES HUNTS XI.

Seated (l. to r.): Major W. Oakden Fisher, Lieut.-Col. Guy Reynolds, Mr. G. L. Clay (captain), Captain D. L. Rhys, and Captain H. de B. Prichard. Standing (l. to r.): Captain R. F. A. David, J. Lewis, M. P. Fisher, R. N. Elphic, J. D. Gibson-Watt, J. Hood, and the umpire.

he thinks he deserves; and, again, the general tripe-hound who would do most things for a fiver, and anything for a tenner, and would steal a blind kitten's milk if he thought no one was there to see him do it. We have had plenty of recent instances. The "outside" carrier is a bit easier to catch, for in present conditions he or she starts under suspicion, and even we, who are supposed only to know our own language, and that very often quite imperfectly, are apt to cock our ears if we think we hear a foreign intonation.

The refugee racket has been extensively used to get undesirable persons into this country, but only a few are worth the while of any outside Intelligence Service, because even to be a "carrier" demands a certain amount of nous. The foreign "fences" to which the information "burglar" can sell his "swag" with safety have to be very astute persons, and do not always live inside the country in which the work is being done. The small fry in the game are often as dangerous as the big sharks, but quite often they are easier to catch, because usually they are so stupid. On the other hand, some are quite cute and doing very nicely, thank you. Suspicion very often leads to a quick kill, because the "anglers" on our side are not exactly of the "bent-pin-and-worm" class; but really quite expert, as the other side have found out to their cost more than once in the record of a game that is always amusing and sometimes even exciting and, maybe, dangerous. The "burglars," however, have brought off one or two quite good jobs recently, and have evaded capture for the moment.

It is suggested that the next cartoon which Mr. H. M. Bateman tackles is "The L.C.C. Official Who Asked the Distinguished General if He Could Keep His Head In An Emergency"! The mildness of the reply of the gallant officer who won the Batman's Battle ought to have appealed to his questioner's sense of humour. The General said: "Yes, I can boil an egg"!

"Such Were These Years," by Ruby Cromer, which has just been published by Hodder and Stoughton, is as well written and compiled as everyone who knows, or has known, the authoress would have expected it to be. Lady Ruby Elliot, as she was before she became Lady Cromer, is the second of the three very beautiful daughters of the late Lord Minto, and of Mary Lady Minto, and they inherited their good looks from both sides of the family, also their good horsemanship. "Mr. Rolly" rode in four Grand Nationals, and broke his neck in one of them when Mr. Maunsell Richardson's Zero fell in the race of 1876 at Valentine's, the second time round. Lady Minto also rode very well indeed, and was a bit above the ordinary amateur as a skater. Of the three daughters, Lady Violet Astor, the youngest, was the best performer on a horse, and she also is a very good four-in-hand whip, a matter which perhaps is not quite so well known. During her father's Viceroyalty, she rode the winner of the Calcutta Ladies' Paperchase, a thing which takes a bit of doing, for it is a strenuous four miles over

stiff obstacles and very rough going. The steed was Hyla Holden's Lord Harry, a great jumper, but Lady Violet had hardly been on his back before she rode him to victory. Poor Hyla was then O.C. of the Viceroy's Bodyguard, and his regiment was the 5th Cavalry; he was killed by almost the last bullet that came over at the end of Lord Allenby's great cavalry operation in Palestine, after having come through most of the campaign in France more or less unhurt. Sincere felicitations to the authoress from a friend of some of the days with which these reminiscences date.



Pooler, Dublin

ANOTHER MEATH SHOW GROUP AT NAVAN

More Meath notabilities, another group being on the opposite page. Above are Mrs. A. H. Connell, joint-Master of the Meath; Mr. Charles S. Bird, U.S.A., who is also fond of the merry sport of foxhunting, and Lady Fingall, whose hard-riding husband is one of the new joint-Masters of the Ward Union Stagbounds

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THEY were very impressed by the fact that the famous comedian had joined their group in the hotel bar and was kindly allowing them to buy his drinks. It was quite natural, therefore, that the discussion should turn on the character and qualities of actors.

The comedian was, perhaps, not too kind in his remarks about theatrical people generally, and one of the company, wishing to make a good impression, stuck in in their defence:

"Whatever you may say," he insisted, "theatrical folk are the most generous, the most warm-hearted, the most charitable people——"

"H'm," retorted the great comedian, "there's something in what you say. Certainly I've never known an actor who wasn't ready to take another chap's part."

Mrs. Green and her small son were going away for a visit for a few days.

"Are we going to take the cat with us when we go to see grandma next week?" asked the child. "Of course not," replied his mother. "What makes you ask such a silly question?"

"Because, mummy," said the boy, "I heard dad tell a man that the mouse would have a high old time while the cat was away next week."

The young wife was telling her friend about the quarrel she had had with her husband.

"And now he's left the house," she added tearfully.

"Oh, I wouldn't let that worry you," said the friend. "After all, he's done that before."

"Yes, but this time he's taken his dart-board with him," sobbed the unhappy one.

A mother walked into the nursery and found her small son tying a bandage round his finger.

"You poor child," she said. "What have you done to your finger?"

"Oh, I hit it with the hammer," replied the child nonchalantly.

The mother looked surprised. "But I didn't hear you crying. You were a brave boy not to make a fuss."

"It wasn't worth it," came the reply; "I thought you were out."

Two drunks entered an elevator. And then a woman got in. The first drunk politely removed his hat. The second was too far gone to remember etiquette.

The liftman closed the doors. "Floors, please," he said.

"Three," cried the woman.

"Seven," said the first drunk.

"Seven," repeated the second.

The first nudged his companion: "Your hat," he reminded him. "Oh, yes," hiccupped the second. "Six and three-quarters!"



Dorothy Wilding

GINA MALO

The leading lady in Irwin Shaw's farce-cum-melodrama, *The Gentle People*, at the Strand Theatre. Cincinnati-born, Gina Malo, well known in musical comedy over here as well as over there, has also made her name in pictures. If we mistake not, this is her first straight part on the London stage



LINDA DARNELL

Meet a new screen "lovely" sunbathing. Linda Darnell, a Zanuck discovery, has an important part in *Hotel for Women* (20th Century-Fox), in which Elsa Maxwell, famed cosmopolitan party-giver, makes her screen debut

The large department store engaged an efficiency expert, whose chief delight in life was to move the departments to different parts of the store every day. One day a section would be on the top floor, the next it would be in the basement, and on the third it would be placed where the restaurant had been.

After three weeks of this an old lady approached a harassed shopwalker and asked him if he could tell her where the ironmongery department was.

"No, madam," he said, wearily, "but if you'll stand here for a few minutes I'm sure you'll see it go by!"

It was late in the evening, and the hiker took a short cut across the field. Half-way through he encountered a horse. The horse looked up, and, to the horror of the hiker, said: "Sir, I won the Derby last year and this field is reserved for me. Go away!"

In a state of terror the hiker bolted out of the field and into the farmyard.

"What's up?" asked the farmer, appearing from behind a rick.

"T—that—that horse!"

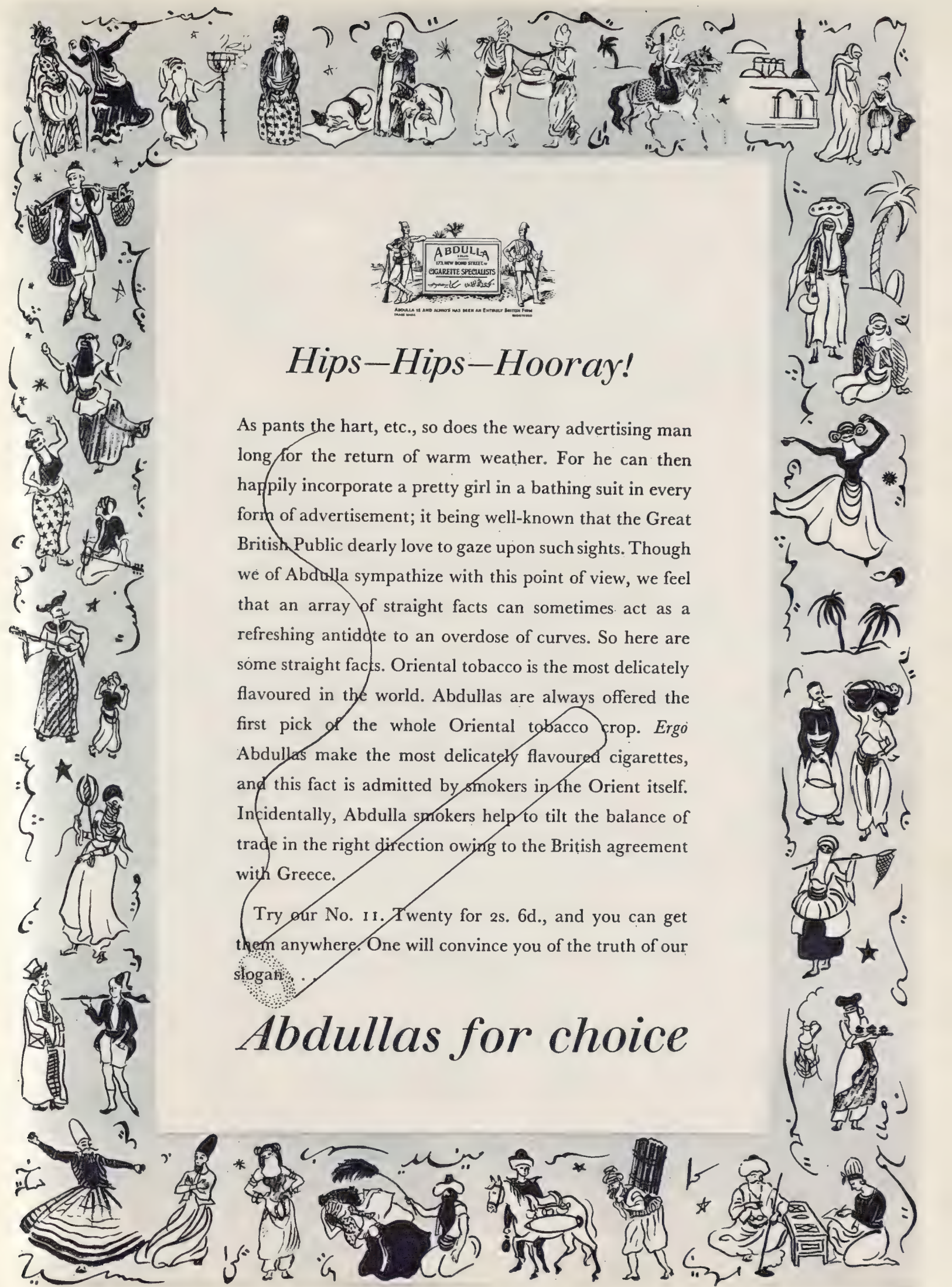
"Spoke to you, did it?" said the farmer calmly.

The hiker muttered "Yes."

"Ah," said the farmer, "and I bet it told you it won the Derby last year?"

"It did!"

The farmer beat out his pipe with an air of disgust. "I never knew such a lying animal," he said. "Why, it wasn't even entered for the race!"



Hips—Hips—Hooray!

As pants the hart, etc., so does the weary advertising man long for the return of warm weather. For he can then happily incorporate a pretty girl in a bathing suit in every form of advertisement; it being well-known that the Great British Public dearly love to gaze upon such sights. Though we of Abdulla sympathize with this point of view, we feel that an array of straight facts can sometimes act as a refreshing antidote to an overdose of curves. So here are some straight facts. Oriental tobacco is the most delicately flavoured in the world. Abdullas are always offered the first pick of the whole Oriental tobacco crop. Ergo Abdullas make the most delicately flavoured cigarettes, and this fact is admitted by smokers in the Orient itself. Incidentally, Abdulla smokers help to tilt the balance of trade in the right direction owing to the British agreement with Greece.

Try our No. 11. Twenty for 2s. 6d., and you can get them anywhere. One will convince you of the truth of our slogan.

Abdullas for choice



Packer

AT THE KIRTLINGTON TOURNAMENT

A gallery in which beauty and bravery are combined, as Miss B. Rigden, who is included, was the No. 1 of the Red Coats team beaten decisively in the final of the Rousham Cup by the Blue Birds. The names (l. to r.) in the picture, are: Miss Peyton, Miss Kerr, Miss Gore-Langton, Miss J. Rigden, Mrs. L'Estrange, Miss B. Rigden, Miss Fisher and Miss Campbell

IT is some small solace for the International débâcle to find that America has endorsed our domestic opinion of Mr. Bob Skene. They have picked him to play in the side called "The League of Nations"—a bad name, incidentally, for it does not suggest combination—and it is presumably one of the sides going for the American Open Championship. That contest is not the one which was started at Roslyn on July 23, the 20-goal polo championship—a new one on me, and I think on other people also. In their Open there is no limit.

It was certain that we should hear from Brigadier-General R. L. Ricketts, once a unit of that fine Golconda team. We have! His article in the July *Polo Monthly* will, I hope, be read by everyone who is interested in this game. The General has never been one to mince matters, and has never been afraid to speak his mind. The only unfortunate part about it, is that what he says comes a bit late, and is not even of much use for the future, because a good many of us think there will be no future where this International Cup is concerned. We are not rich enough in England to risk another £24,000 debit balance which has entailed not only the absorption of the Hurlingham Reserve Fund, but has also absorbed the sporting guarantors for about half that amount. The ugly possibility was a bit more than hinted at in these notes over a month ago. Now it is published. That is quite a lot of spilt milk over which to be compelled to cry; but whatever the amount, whether it be a pint or a gallon, it is sheer waste of time doing any weeping.

To hark back to General Ricketts. He is very definite upon one point: namely, that Mr. Aidan Roark was never International class, and that it was a great mistake "to boost Roark into the team," even though he is a good player. The General says: "Was Sutcliffe consistently at the top of the batting averages when he and Hobbs

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

were seldom parted before the 100 was up on the board in the Australian Test matches?" Why did a well-known member of our selection committee hold precisely the same views about Aidan Roark? The trouble was, in our case "Who else?" General Ricketts, as most people know, does not believe in the contention put forward by some that a good man can "play anywhere." We have seen the fallacy of such an idea proved too often not to know that the General was, and is, right. He says we ought to have put in Hughes or Lakin No. 2, in preference to a man who was obviously off his form. We know now that, however good, or however bad, Aidan Roark was, he was a sick man all the way, and that he never ought to have attempted to go on. For that he is to be blamed. It was magnificent, but it was not war!

There is one point in General Rickett's attack, which interests me personally. He says that our team "admittedly a scratch collection," could not have been made more "scratch" than by "playing against odds and ends of teams, who were no better in that respect than they were themselves."

In these notes, published in *The Tatler* of May 31 (the first match was played on June 4), this was said: "... our team has won against such trial horses as may have been pulled out to give it a gallop. Shortly put, none of them have been really good enough to stretch the English team's neck. ... All

that can be said is that, at the time of going to press, we have not had a stripped gallop, and only know that it is a case of David and Goliath. ... The General does not spare the man who missed all those penalty shots, and he tells us what we already know, that when the usual penalty-hitter is out of form, "the elementary tactical measure is to change the striker." I wonder whether, if poor Pat Roark had not been killed, General Ricketts would have approved of his being put in No. 2? Possibly not, because Pat had not been playing with the others; but if he had lived and Humphrey Guinness had not been away on service, it might have won this tourney for us.

Anyway, as has already been said, the milk is all spilt, and no one's piety or wit is going to ladle up half a teaspoonful! The big question is, so far as this game is concerned: "What of the rocks ahead?" The anchor holds at the moment, but this game, and all others, can only depend upon the caprice of one man. It is a comic-opera position when you come to think of it. However, let us not be despondent, for an already very thick stick is growing daily thicker.

In the meanwhile, polo spreads in all directions, and even our public-umpire No. 1, Major Cox, has flitted—Rugby, Toulston, and one or two other spots will have a chance of making the acquaintance of one of the best we have ever had. This is not surprising, because he learnt this game with the Central India Horse. As to handicap revisions, I think most of them were fully expected, but there is one notable omission. The player concerned is so modest that I should forfeit his friendship if I mentioned his name. I can go as far as this, however, and say that I think the whole of his side were due for a lift.



Garland

AT COWDRAY PARK

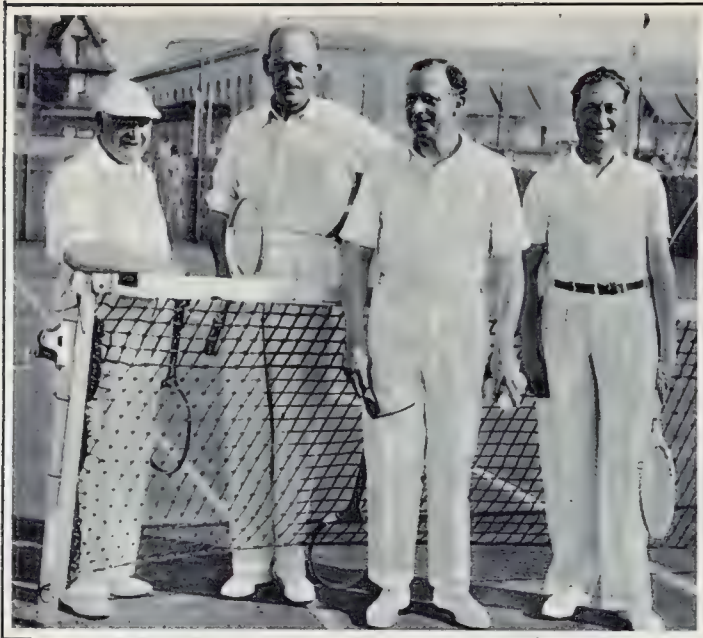
The Midhurst Tournament played on the American system was substituted for the Cowdray one this year, owing to Lord Cowdray's absence (honeymoon), and it was organised by Lord Louis Mountbatten (centre of picture). Mr. J. P. Robinson (is on the left), and Major Harding Newman, who has his back to the camera



AFTER you've finally picked up your moorings and made everything ship=shape, the thing to do is to splice the mainbrace. For, whether you're sailing the seven seas or pottering happily about in creeks and harbours, the best days all end alike—in the friendly tang of Beltring hops and the sure refreshment of Whitbread's superb Pale Ale.



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BRITISH M.P.'S PLAY FRENCH DEPUTIES

In the Inter-Parliamentary match which took place recently at Deauville, this country led by five matches to four at the end of the second day's play, but owing to unceasing rain, which stopped play, it was decided to accept these results as final, and so Great Britain won President Lebrun's prize. L. to r.: Mr. W. Spens (Ashford), Lieut.-Col. E. T. Wickham (Taunton), Captain Victor Cazalet (Chippenhams), and M. R. Vidal, a French Deputy

YOU often hear people exclaim: "Oh, I do wish I had seen Suzanne play, at her height": or, "Was Johnston's forehead more devastating than Perry's": or, "How good really do you think the Renshaws were?" It is a sign of human nature never to be satisfied with the present market . . . but always to look back and speculate wistfully about the giants of yester-year, attributing to them supernatural powers. I do it myself. Not only with the stars of the tennis firmament, but in other worlds, too, there have been figures who have attracted my imagination and made me carry on imaginary conversations in Ebury Street, for was it not because George Moore lived there, and Noel Coward, too, that ten summers ago now, I first took a modest apartment in that street of raffish, Georgian houses? But alas, no sooner had I settled in and settled down to waiting for the illustrious muse of my near-neighbours to descend upon me, and provide a winged measure for my prose style; when, in swift succession, Noel Coward left the house with a scarlet door, for a studio round the corner; and the Irishman left this earth for an unknown destination. And that is the whole explanation of my prose style. And now it is too late to say, as an excuse: if only I had once met the author of "Héloïse and Abelard". . . but I console myself with remembering that, of the other names on that youthfully ambitious list of men who were heroes to me, and at whose feet I longed to sit, the majority have since given me audience and the reality has fully come up to the dream. Sir John Simon, Somerset Maugham, Lord Beaverbrook, Mr. Norman Birkett . . . each of us possesses some such similar list, and inevitably, in some cases the winged messenger intervened. Lawrence of Arabia . . . the nearest I was able to reach towards his unique, unrealistic personality was to visit his cottage last summer at Cloud Hill, in Dorset. It is protected by the National Trust, and is well worth a pilgrimage if you feel the same as I do about the author of the "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." The

LAWN TENNIS: By GODFREY WINN

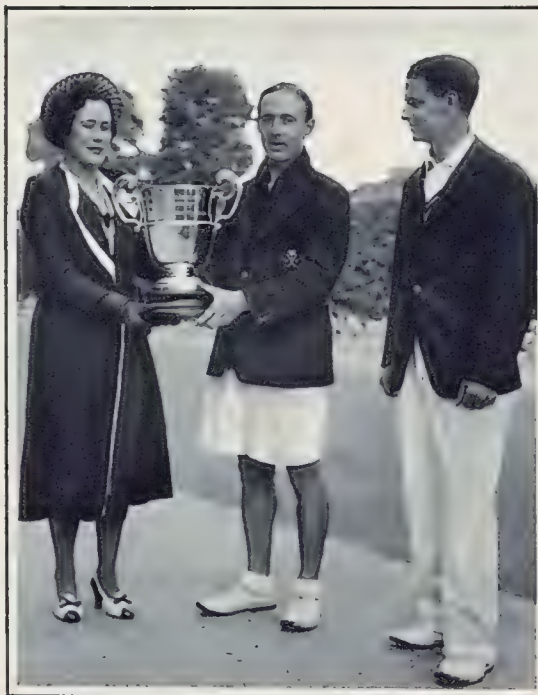
living atmosphere has been preserved with faithful fidelity. While with F. E. Smith . . . the first Lord Birkenhead . . . alas, once again, the "Time-lag" intervened, and when it came to pass that I was asked to visit the Cotswold house where he spent so many of his off-duty hours, I had to be content to hold communion with a ghost. Charlton is permeated with his greatness, and when at night the men linger over their port, you keep on glancing towards the head of the table, where his son, Freddie Birkenhead, now sits, and expect to find the father's leonine head once more dominating the scene.

You may ask me, what has my youthful admiration for the man who would sit on the Woolsack with heavy lids and seem to sleep, and then, opening his eyes, would deliver judgments that will for all time make legal history, got to do with the game of lawn tennis? You may well ask, and now I will tell you. The man who was one of our greatest Lord Chancellors, was also wont to play lawn tennis in the best company. He not only filled Charlton with guests every week-end, but they were all made to play tennis. Once Norman Brooks came down to stay for the first time, and within half an hour found himself participating in an extraordinary doubles match consisting of the King of Greece, Lord Birkenhead, and Rainbow, the gardener. "I couldn't quite make out who anyone was," said Norman Brooks afterwards. "You see, when people called the King of Greece 'sir,' I began to realise who *he* was, but when my partner addressed me as 'sir,' I didn't know where *I* was—nobody ever explained to me about the gardener. . . ."

I have taken this anecdote word for word from Eleanor Smith's book of reminiscences, "Life's a Circus," which I have enjoyed more than any book of that sort I have ever chanced upon. It is nostalgic with the near past; it is imbued with personality, and yet never egoistic; it is full of charm and yet never cloying; it takes a dozen worlds and makes a pattern of them, that is at once unique and universal. I commend it to you wholeheartedly for your bedside book on holiday. The chapter on her father would, on its own, make Eleanor's book an historic document, and I loved the account of her journey on a lecture-tour with him, through the States. In one Middle-Western town, Lord Birkenhead and his secretary decided to play a match against two

college boys. The latter turned out to be a superior pair, and suddenly the hostess of the party was seen sprinting toward the swimming-pool where Eleanor was sun-bathing. Hardly had she come within hailing distance, when she cried out: "Lady Smith! Lady Smith! Is it etiquette for the Earl to be beaten at tennis? Because he is being—badly!" And I liked, too, her account of Lili de Alvarez, another frequent visitor to Charlton, entering for the Cromer tournament on one occasion, dressed as a boy, and playing in the men's singles. Apparently, on that occasion she was severely censured, which rather surprised me, considering in how many tournaments to-day you see two Amazon creatures battling with one another in the ladies' event, who certainly look as though they have changed their sex for the occasion. And lastly, in "Life's a Circus," I liked the snapshot illustration of the present King, when he was Duke of York, looking on at a friendly match at Charlton, dressed in flannels himself and no doubt in a moment to take the court again. What a pity that the affairs of State prevent him from keeping up his tennis, for he used to be no mean adversary, and it is my honest opinion that there is no game in the world that gives one such instant relaxation and release from the pressing exigencies of modern life.

(Continued on page ii)



PRESENTATION OF NAVY SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY

Mrs. P. F. Glover is seen presenting the Navy Singles Championship trophy to Lieut. W. D. Muspratt, H.M.S. "Vernon," while her husband, Captain P. F. Glover, looks on. Mrs. Glover, who is the eldest daughter of Sir Leonard Lyle, was married less than a year ago, and has twice been a member of the Wightman Cup team. Her husband has won the Navy title eight times since 1922

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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

THE RATS

By BASIL TOZER

AS the first early-morning workmen's train on the Paris underground rushed out of its tunnel into one of the stations which for many months had been closed, the engine's undimmed headlight flashed for an instant on a dark mass some way along the platform. Several seconds later the driver gasped, for as the engine swept past it he saw that a human body lay there, almost smothered under a moving mass of rats.

At the train's next stop he reported to the officials what he had seen. Without delay the police were notified and at once despatched a sergeant and two *agents de police* to the closed station. So indifferent were the rats to their approach, however, that not until the men were within a few feet of them did they take fright at the flashing torches and scamper away.

What the police then saw was a man lying flat on his back, apparently dead, wrists and ankles tightly bound with cord. The rats had gnawed the clothing in places and there was much blood. The face was no longer recognisable.

Of course, the story of the gruesome discovery soon spread. It found its way into the papers, and for some days continued to be news. Soon there were the usual rumours that an arrest was "imminent at any moment." But no arrest followed. And so, after a few weeks, the tragedy was to all intents forgotten.

At least, by the general public. Nevertheless, the Paris police assiduously pursued their secret inquiries and investigations. What puzzled them most and was among the first mysteries they sought to solve was how the body had got where it was found; next, whether the man had died before the rats had got at him; next, his identity, for all his pockets had proved to be empty and the clothes held no clue. Presumably, they conjectured, he had not been killed before his wrists and ankles had been bound, and as the last night train had passed through that station not later than one in the morning, and the first train for workmen at about five, and there had been men at work on that stretch of line between one and three, obviously the victim must have been deposited on the platform during the intervening two hours.

It was a woman who unwittingly gave the police their first clue. Under middle-age and beautifully gowned, she was dining with a friend at the most fashionable restaurant in Paris. The *maître d'hôtel*, as sometimes happens, not only in Continental countries, chanced to be also in the employ of the Secret Police, and a remark which he overheard as he smilingly bent towards this woman while she studied the wine list which her companion had handed to her, stirred something in the back of his mind.

"After all," she had said, looking across at her friend, "blackmail is the last nail that breaks the camel's back—"

"You mean the last straw," he had corrected, smiling. "Of course," she had laughed. "I keep on making mistakes like that—it's a bad habit. I was thinking of the last nail in a coffin."

"What an unpleasant thing to think of!"

Without answering him she spoke to the bowing *maître d'hôtel*, indicating with her fan the wine she wanted.

In the small hours of the morning the *maître d'hôtel* sat alone in his office with the door locked. Some small ledgers lay on his desk, and the page at which one of them was open bore the headline—PHONETICS. Under the headline were sub-headings: Stammers; Drawl; Lisp; Nasal; Guttural; Impediment. . . . He drew his finger down them and it stopped suddenly at the sub-heading—*À tort et à travers*. After each sub-heading were reference letters and figures. He

scribbled on a scrap of paper the references following *À tort et à travers*, shut the ledger and opened another. There he presently read the following aloud, but in an undertone:

Madame Platon (*née* Antonine Érasme), now aged 26 approx. Height, 5 ft. 8 in. approx. Handsome. Eyes deep grey. Hair auburn-copper. Eyebrows dark. Teeth even. Gums exposed when laughing. Nails blood red. Cosmetics. Talks often *à tort et à travers*—spoonerisms, for instance. Married Georges Sylvain, June 7, 1934, who died suddenly, mysteriously, May 9, 1936. Inquest. Verdict—natural causes. Married Louis Platon, gambler and dipsomaniac, October 2, 1936. Platon last seen February 6, 1938. His life heavily insured. Antonine Platon spends freely. Undesirable friends both sexes. Movements occasionally suspicious. (See Insurance Npo/Ddm/S22. Blackmail Lzy/Oox/V16.)

The *maître d'hôtel* opened a third ledger. After reading a few pages he closed it. Then he locked all the ledgers in the safe from which he had taken them.

"Height about five feet eight, handsome, deep-grey eyes," he said aloud, reflectively, as he recalled to his

imagination the woman who had uttered the spoonerism; "auburn-copper hair, dark eyebrows, even teeth, showing gums. . . . crimson nails . . . cosmetics . . . *à tort et à travers*. . . ."

He opened a drawer and pulled out of it a packet of newspaper cuttings. Some of them he glanced through. Then went on, still ruminating:

"Odd her friend should not have recognised me, seeing I was a witness for his prosecution twenty years ago for attempted forgery. . . ."

He paused, to study his reflection in a mirror on his desk. "Twenty years! Yes, I have changed a lot—"

He sighed. "Last time I heard of Durnsford was, let me see—why, of course, he was then living in Monte Carlo, happy resting-place of so many rascals and ex-rascals. If he had

(Continued on page 270)



Photos.: Victor Hey

SHARK AND TUNNY FISHERS OFF SCARBOROUGH; (INSET) TUNNY AT THE MOMENT OF THE STRIKE

A couple of dramatic snapshots taken from the yacht "Joanna," in which Major N. S. C. Curtis, Somersetshire L.I., Mr. Eustace Maxwell and Mr. E. G. Strutt went out after one kind of big fish, and in the course of their adventure caught another kind—the 224-lb. shark taken on a tunny-rod seen in the top picture. The inset is of a tunny turning and diving at the moment when he had been hooked



In whatever pertains to outdoor life—
be it motoring or sport—one name
is now predominant, and that is

DUNLOP

THE RATS—(Continued from page 268)

not been Mme. Platon's companion this evening it would not have occurred to me to notice her so closely. 'Movements occasionally suspicious.' Yes. Quite likely, I should say. . . .

But Durnsford no longer dwelt in Monte Carlo, as the *maitre d'hôtel* discovered at the Paris police headquarters, where the ex-convict's *dossier* was duly filed. From that record, too, he ascertained that the man had lived for some years in a villa in a Paris suburb, where he still resided. Oh, yes, he had many visitors, he was informed, among whom were undesirables, women as well as men. Mme. Platon shared the villa with him frequently.

Having gathered still further details, the *maitre* visited the suburb. He went by Underground, and found that Durnsford's villa lay within a stone's-throw of the Underground railway terminus. That made him pause—and again reflect.

Obviously Durnsford and Mme. Platon were on very intimate terms. That being so, might they not wish to marry? Mme. Platon had, according to the Paris police, turned her husband out because he was both a drunkard and a gambler. Soon after that he had disappeared. And soon after that an unrecognisable and unidentifiable corpse had been found on a disused platform of the Underground. . . . But if Durnsford or Mme. Platon had murdered Platon, or caused him to be murdered, so that they might marry, why those bound wrists and ankles? And why had all means of identifying the body been removed? And then—this came as an afterthought—why had she said to Durnsford: "After all, blackmail is the last nail that breaks the camel's back"?

After inspecting the villa from a distance, he sauntered back to the Underground terminus. On a siding, two men in blue overalls were cleaning and oiling a motor-engine. Having watched them a while, he presently drew the elder into conversation and later offered each a cigar. That had the immediate effect of promoting conversation, and the elder of the two, he then soon gathered, was usually the driver on the last train's night shift, his companion his assistant.

"It would interest me very much," he said, as they went on talking, "to have a run on an underground motor-engine. But that I suppose, is strictly *défendu*?"

The men exchanged a glance. Then, after a brief pause, the elder replied:

"It is indeed *défendu*, monsieur; and yet . . ."—he shrugged his shoulders and his assistant grinned.

"But on one of those workmen's morning trains," the *maitre* went on, "would any of the officials or other authorities be likely, at that early hour . . ."

"Or," as there was no reply, "a light engine during the night, when the trains have stopped running?"

The driver and his assistant exchanged another glance. "Just a short run, you know," the *maitre* persisted. "And if a couple of louis apiece. . . ."

The men beamed.

"*Bien!*" the elder said with decision; "*nous allons arranger ça, monsieur. Monsieur est bien aimable.*"

"And how do you stop it?" the *maitre* asked, soon after the engine had started.

"It is so simple, monsieur. *Regardez.* Like so, and so. . . ."

The *maitre* watched closely. Yes, it was very simple.

One, two, three stations they ran through. Then, as the engine rushed at high speed out of the tunnel into the station no longer used a broad beam of undimmed light once more shot along the platform. On the platform something lay—it looked rather like a man—and then, all at once, the ray revealed again a serried moving mass—of rats!

A cry of terror rose above the engine's clatter. Turning quickly, the *maitre* was in time to catch the man as he collapsed.

The train ran on. The driver remained in a huddled heap on the footplate.

"It is so simple, monsieur. *Regardez.* Like so, and so. . . ."

The *maitre* remembered, and grasped the lever. Soon the engine came to a standstill. A bucket of water was in the cabin. He dashed its contents over the still unconscious driver.

As the man slowly recovered his senses his face became ghastly. Terror was in his eyes. The lips moved, but no words came.

The *maitre* seized him and shook him. At last the man scrambled to his feet.

"Listen!" the *maitre* shouted. "I am an *agent de police*. The police put what you saw on the platform to reconstruct part of the crime—a suit of clothes stuffed with food. Now I have watched how it reacted—on you. . . . Tell me all you know—who did it—why—who the victim was. If you

refuse. . . . Speak the truth and you will be leniently treated."

"Oh, monsieur," the man whimpered, "I am not to blame. He was good to me was Monsieur Durnsford. He paid me and my assistant well."

"What for?"

"To take the body from his villa in the night to my engine and place it where it was found."

"Who had killed him?"

"Monsieur, I do not know. Mme. Platon was in the villa. She cursed the dead man—I heard her. She spoke of *chantage*. . . ." He was trembling and almost collapsed again.

"Good. Now back your engine to the terminus—you said you must drive the first morning train to-day. Those two will be arrested and what you have told me you will repeat in court—and more. . . ."



THEIR VAULTING AMBITION

A very remarkable and very lucky snapshot taken at the Falls of Orin, Ross-shire, where, incidentally the world's record salmon-leap of 11 ft. 4 in. is held to have been made. Whether these ambitious fish in the picture are going to make it seems a bit doubtful; for it is a very big leap



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AT BELFAST HARBOUR
AIR-PORT DISPLAY

Captain H. H. Balfour, the Under-Secretary of State for Air, presenting the Short and Harland Trophy to the proud winner, Pupil-Pilot Sergeant K. W. Mackenzie

Air Week.

ABOUT a certain celebrated but much-libelled malaprop maestro of the American cinema, the story is still repeated that, when planning a new film, he said that he would start with an earthquake and then work up to a climax. British aviation, just lately, has gone rather like that. It began with the coming of Sir Kingsley Wood, and the tremendous reconstruction of ideas and ideals and the great change of heart of everyone in aviation which followed, and from that time it has worked up by continuous expansion, increase and enlargement to the position which was reached a couple of weeks ago when it attained a peak of practical activity.

Curiously enough, the climax occurred just about the time when the banquet commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Blériot's cross-Channel flight was held at the Dorchester. Nothing could have been more fitting. British bombing aeroplanes had started the series of mutual training flights which are being undertaken by France and Britain, and the French factories were just swinging into full production. M. Guy La Chambre, the French Air Minister, was able categorically to affirm that we have now got ahead of the Axis Powers in the matter of production. So the Blériot banquet (in the preparation of whose menu M. Aymoz excelled himself) became a symbol of Anglo-French solidarity. The national anthems of the two countries were sung with a fervour which was eminently satisfying. M. La Chambre, who spoke in English, was tremendously stirring in the French manner. The only pity was that Madame Blériot was not prevailed upon to say a few words. The banquet was presided over by M. Charles Corbin, the French Ambassador.

Flights.

Immediately following this symbolical banquet events moved fast. The schedule—some of which has still to be completed as I write these notes—included (1) the opening of the British Transatlantic regular air mail service; (2) the large-scale Royal Air Force exercises; (3) the balloon-barrage exercises in London; (4) the opening of a new air mail service in the Orkneys to Ronaldshay by Scottish Airways; (5) the

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

setting of new medium-length air-line standards with the entry of a new type of British air liner on the Channel Islands airways; and (6) the closing of the entries for the King's Cup air race, and the race for the Wakefield Challenge Trophy in September, with interesting fields.

Technical Advance.

Technically, I think, it is true that we are advancing as rapidly as we are numerically. In an interview I had with him not long after the Blériot banquet—and just before his air mishap—Sir Kingsley Wood expressed the view that our technical position would be maintained and even enhanced when new machines now secret came into service. That reminded me that few people seem to have appreciated the enormous step-up in bomber range which has been achieved by the coming of the Wellington. In my new paper, "Aeronautics," a specialist on statistical information

pointed out that the range of the Virginia bomber was 1738 kilometres, that of the Vimy, 1770 kilometres, that of the Harrow 2011 kilometres, and that of the Wellington 5214 kilometres.

It is a three-fold improvement for which we must thank Mr. B. N. Wallis. It is such a big advance in range that it is no exaggeration to say that it has affected the whole strategy of Europe. Incidentally, Captain Harold Balfour, who flew on one of the long-distance out-and-back flights over France in a Wellington, told me afterwards that the keenness of the officers and men to take part in these flights is remarkable.

Flamingo in Service.

The de Havilland Flamingo, medium-size air liner, has now gone into service with Jersey Airways, and it made a very good impression on its first flights. It is quiet in the cabin, and with a top speed of 377 kilometres an hour and a cruising speed of 338 kilometres an hour it gets about the country to good purpose. It is a high-wing monoplane, a formula which looks like coming in again (the Douglas DC-5 is a high-wing machine), and it is built of metal. The two engines are of the sleeve-valve variety, and the behaviour of the aeroplane at take-off and when landing appears to be exemplary. In the latest model there are two rudders and fins in place of the original three, and there are slipstream "uncurlers" round the rear parts of the engine nacelles to enable the rudders to work in smooth air.

Staff College.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall cut the first sod to inaugurate the beginning of the work on the new site for the Royal Air Force Staff College at Ramridge House, Weyhill, the other day. The Royal Air Force Staff College at Andover was opened in March 1922 and first took twenty students. The first commandant was Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham. Present students number 66, but there is accommodation for 82. Air Vice-Marshal A. S. Barrett is the present commandant. It is expected that Ramridge House will replace the existing Staff College in 1941. Ramridge House is in Georgian style, the centre part having been erected in 1740 and the two wings a hundred years later. It seems an ideal site for the new Staff College.



CAPTAIN H. G. HORSEY, THE
MILLION-MILE PILOT, AND PUPILS

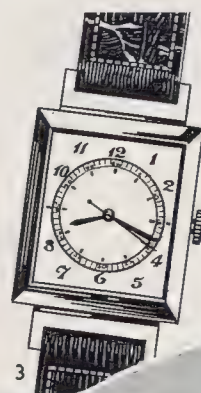
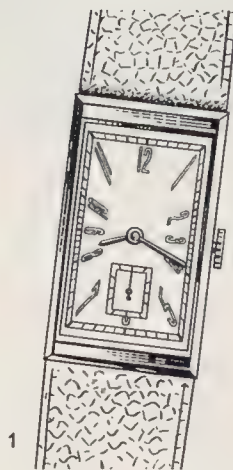
The moment was when he was giving a lecture to experienced pilots during their "conversion course"—which means instruction in flying the 25-ton "Ensign" and similar planes. Captain Horsey, Imperial Airways million-mile pilot has been appointed flying instructor at Croydon—a round peg in an appropriate hole



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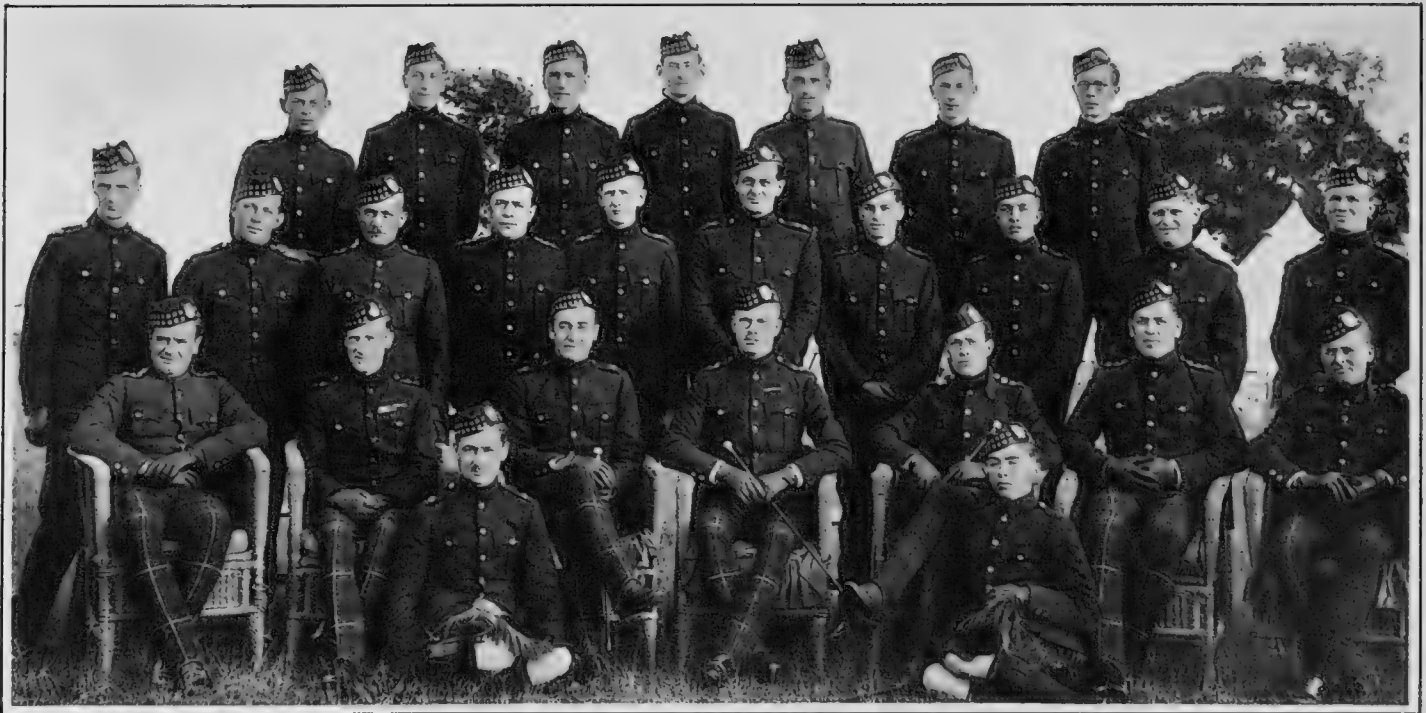


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Included in this group are, l. to r., in front: 2nd-Lieut. J. B. Black and 2nd-Lieut. W. Stagg. Seated: Capt. A. C. Cairns, Lieut. A. C. F. Wicks, Major J. R. Paterson, Lieut.-Colonel F. W. McGuinness (Commanding Officer), Captain A. S. K. Douglas, Capt. G. F. Williamson and Capt. F. E. Kite. Standing: 2nd-Lieut. R. Johnston, Lieut. G. H. Carter, Capt. J. E. L. Wallace, Capt. C. J. Lonsdale, Lieut. J. S. S. Roddick, Lieut. D. R. Hunter, Lieut. I. Buchanan, Lieut. E. A. Nixon, 2nd-Lieut. E. N. Mainwaring and 2nd-Lieut. P. Furniss. Back row: 2nd-Lieuts. H. D. Gibson, H. Large, P. L. Yorke, D. K. L. Rae, H. M. S. Wood, A. D. S. Miller and A. N. Other.

Quick Car Service to Northern Ireland.

CONGRATULATIONS to the L.M.S. for providing an up-to-date method of transport for cars between Stranraer, Scotland, and Larne, Northern Ireland. Instead of the antiquated crane-cum-manhandling manoeuvres, the Company has designed a drive-on-to-the-deck outfit which saves time, trouble, and expense. Their Diesel-engined ferry-vessel, *The Princess Victoria*, and the special slipways at the two ports can be used at any time of the tide. There is accommodation for 70 to 80 cars on deck, and two to three sailings daily in each direction. Stranraer is about 115 miles west of Carlisle, and serves not only the North of England, but also the whole of Scotland.

Extraordinary Car Exhibits at World's Fair.

THE many-acred exhibits of General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler at the World's Fair, surpass in originality of conception, beauty and instructiveness anything I have read, seen or dreamed about. The main theme of the exhibition is the world of to-morrow. General Motors tie this up with motoring in a most astonishing fantasmotopia called the "Futurama." You enter a great darkened dome, and while a voice from the vaulted roof tells you how the expansion of motoring from to-day's 28 million cars to 35 million cars within the next sixty years will affect your lives, and illustrates this with a gigantic road-map, you pass down a zigzag gangway until you reach a moving seat or sofa-way. As you board it, a voice, specially tuned and synchronised to your seat and its speed tells you what is going to happen, and explains what you are seeing. You leave the great dome, and, sitting comfortably in your settee, watch the unfolding of the most astonishing

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

model panorama, sometimes bathed in sunlight, and sometimes darkened to represent night-time or the coming of dusk or dawn. The panorama is an immense scale-model of every conceivable form of country and human activity, complete down to the tiniest detail. To add motoring interest, the

roads are alive with working model cars of the future rushing up and down the multi-track highways of to-morrow. Sometimes our chairs climb high to give us 12,000-foot aeroplane views of mighty chains of mountains, newly-planned cities, canyons, or titanic dams and hydro-electric plants. At others, we are almost at ground level, among the peaceful farming country. This twenty minutes' tour of a continent gave us a real-life, close-quarters thrill of our future existence.

Ford and Chrysler Marvels.

IN the Ford section we tested the road of the future, built of a silent, longlasting compound, and rising by space-economising spiral ramps which take the place of the more unwieldy by clover-leaf idea. And then we inspected the mighty rotating cone, 150 tons quietly revolving by the aid of a 2-h.p. motor, thanks to its water-supporting pontoon mounting. This tumult tells the story of motor-car production from the raw material, through the various stages of manufacture up to the ultimate motor car.

The Chrysler stand has several ultra-modern ideas. The first is a three-dimensional film (real-life effect is obtained by wearing a special form of pince-nez), featuring the building of the Plymouth car. Then the Chrysler's iced forest, with its frozen palm-trees, is an amazing sight, planned to show the scope of modern weather-making machinery. Lastly there's the "Rocket Scene," staging, with suitable effects and fantastic setting, rocket travel of the future.



THE NEW DAIMLER "STRAIGHT-EIGHT"

Lady Roger photographed with her beautiful new Daimler "Straight-Eight" limousine, the bodywork of which she designed herself. Lady Roger's husband, Sir Alexander Roger, is chairman of the Daimler-Lanchester-B.S.A. group of companies



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MRS. M. S. HUNTER

Who was formerly Miss Dorothy Verstone, the eldest daughter of Mr. P. E. Verstone and Mrs. Verstone. Her marriage to the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hunter took place recently at Our Lady of Victories Church, Kensington

E. B. C. Curtis, of Caynham Cottage, Ludlow, and Phillipa, second daughter of Captain and Mrs. P. C. Alcock of Overton Lodge, Ludlow; Captain R. G. Muir, Royal Signals, only son of the late George M. S. Muir and Mrs. Muir of Parkstone, Maybury, Woking, and Cicely Cassandra, younger daughter of Brigadier-General D'Ewes Coke and Mrs. Coke of Trusley, Derbyshire and St. Albans Priory, Wallingford. The Hon. Matthew Arthur, son of Lord and Lady Glenarthur, and Margaret Risk, daughter of the late Mr. H. J. Howie and Mrs. Howie, of Stairaird, Mauchline; Major C. R. B. Playford, late The Hampshire Regiment, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. Playford and Tam, only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. Lewis Cox, Ellesmere House, Fareham, Hampshire; Captain H. S. Stansfeld, I.A., eldest son of the late Major H. G. and Mrs. Stansfeld and Angela



MISS PEGGY STOTT

The only daughter of Colonel H. Stott, I.M.S., of Bihar, India, and Oxshott, Surrey who is engaged to Dr. R. D. Hearn, the only son of the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Cork and Dr. Mary Hearn, of Cork, Ireland

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Weddings Abroad This Month.

Mr. W. I. Miller, 6th Battalion Royal Tank Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Miller of Cleadon House, Cleadon, Co. Durham, will marry Faina, the only daughter of the late Count Serge P. Yuritzinn of St. Petersburg. The wedding will take place at Abbassia, Cairo. On August 17, Mr. P. Holmes and Miss Eleanor Chance are being married at the Cathedral, Singapore.

Recent Engagements.

Sir Thomas St. Vincent Wallace Troubridge, Bt., M.B.E., late 60th Rifles, only son of the late Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bt., and of Lady Troubridge, of Oldways, Beaulieu, Hants, and Pamela, second daughter of Mr. Percy Clough and of the late Mrs. Clough of The Knowle, Keighley, Yorkshire; Mr. G. E. Curtis, younger son of the late Mr. E. B. C. Curtis and of Mrs.



MISS JESSICA ST. AUBYN

Who is engaged to Mr. J. P. Koppel, the only son of the late Mr. P. A. Koppel, C.M.G., C.B.E., of H.M. Diplomatic Service, and of Mrs. Koppel. Miss St. Aubyn is the elder daughter of Mr. F. C. and the Hon. Mrs. St. Aubyn

Mary, youngest daughter of Brigadier-General G. A. P. Rennie, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Rennie of Osmington House, Kintbury, Berks; Mr. F. M. Beale, Royal Artillery, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Beale, of The Yews, Minchinhampton, and Daphne Esther, only daughter of Vice-Admiral F. T. B. Tower, C.B., and of Mrs. E. H. Tower; Lieutenant-Commander C. J. Grenfell, second son of Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Grenfell and Mrs. Grenfell of Wymondham, Melton Mowbray, and Diana, third daughter of the late Stephen Paston Cooper of Hambleton Hall, Rutland; Mr. R. H. P. Buckston, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Buckston of Bradbourne Hall, and Sutton on the Hill, Derbyshire, and Chrystal, youngest daughter of the late Hakewell Tresyllian Williams and of Mrs. Tresyllian Williams, of Churchill Court, near Kidderminster; Captain R. V. Jenkins, Royal Tank Regiment, and Suzanne Wendy, third daughter of Major and Mrs. R. Winstanley.

The **CHAIRMAN OF THE BANK** *and the*
COMMODORE OF THE YACHT CLUB
share the same motor car.

THEY happen to be the same person but, as motorists, their needs are very different. And the Wolseley "Super Six" is their liaison officer. In Cornhill it is the handsome, imposing town carriage whose graceful lines have three times been awarded Europe's premier coachwork award. On the Portsmouth Road, bow pointed towards the Solent, it is a swift and powerful touring car — quiet and distinguished but nevertheless, a gentleman in a hurry.

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The Wolseley 25 h.p.
 "Super Six" Limousine
 is priced at £775

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 Jackalls, of course



Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 266)

For that reason, I wish with all my heart that we possessed more tennis hosts in this country like the late Lord Birkenhead (his son is to be commended for carrying on with the annual family fixture against Oxford University), Lord Iliffe, who possesses one of the few private covered courts in the country, and the Duke of Westminster, who once again last weekend filled Eaton with keen players, and for three days we simply lived on the courts, which could not have been a better antidote to crisis nerves. Indeed, I did not hear Hitler's name mentioned once, and the only sort of cannon balls referred to were the first services of Jack Lysaght, one of the party. Lord Charles Hope was unfortunately kept away by a bad ankle, but all the other regulars were there—Cyril Tolley, Phyllis Satterthwaite, the Pollingtons (his volleying has greatly improved), the Delameres (he was in splendid smashing form), while once again Kelly, the Duke's professional, was ubiquitous and smiling; while on the side line our hostess, Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey and her great friend, Lady Serena James, adorned the hot, restless scene with their cool, detached beauty, and made one conscious more than ever that no race in the world can produce loveliness in feminine grace and breeding and colouring to compare with some of the women of our ruling class. And, moreover, if it is time to suggest that the Battle of Waterloo was fought and won on the playing fields of Eton, it is equally true today to say that the war nerves will be brought to a successful conclusion, where we are concerned, only if we continue to indulge on every possible occasion in such peaceful pastimes as friendly tennis matches, either of the house-party variety or ones consisting of encounters between established and scratch teams, like the side I got together and captained a few weeks ago against Cambridge University, and again more recently against the fellows from Harvard and Yale, who are enjoying a tour in this country at this moment.

At least, I should like to feel that they are enjoying themselves, and will go back to their own country with pleasant memories of their various hosts, despite the fantastic amount of rain that has been the accompaniment of so many of their matches and tournament appearances. In our own match, we were only able to play against two pairs each before the heavens opened once more. It was a case of *après moi le déluge*, but proudly I must put on record that we were then in a winning position, thanks to the noble efforts of my confreres, Nigel Sharpe, Cam Malfroy, Dickie Ritchie and Fred Avory, and by far not least my own partner, Desmond Morris, who played with such *élan* that we managed to defeat their first pair, Burt and Gilbey, who subsequently

distinguished themselves by reaching the final of the doubles at Winchester, which tournament another member of their team, young Palfrey, actually won. His sister, Sarah, will be proud of him, especially, I believe I am right in saying, as no less than seven sisters made their appearance before Palfrey was born. If they all take up their stance on the side line when their brother plays in a home tournament, his opponent must find it very difficult to keep his eye on the ball. But these family statistics were imparted to me at the party I gave after the match at my Ebury Street flat, and by that time all my American guests had imbibed half a dozen glasses of Signor Quaglino's miraculous hock cup, which they had mistaken for lemonade with fruit floating about in it. A swell idea, they repeated more and more frequently. I thought so, too. I only hope their training did not suffer before their encounter with the Varsities. But as they did so well at Winchester, I think I can be exonerated for creating yet another international incident!

G.W.

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week that successful play, which had such a long run at the Vaudeville Theatre, *Goodness, How Sad*, is being given with Mary Merrall and Ann Casson in the leading parts. On August 14 a new musical comedy will be presented prior to its West End production. This is entitled *Runaway Love*. In the cast is George Gee, Reginald Purdell and Barry Lupino, also Billy Mayerl and his Multitone piano orchestra.

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask help for Miss K., aged 66, who has worked as a nurse-companion for many years, and supplies a most deserving example. She was never able to complete her training owing to a breakdown in health, but has held a responsible position in good families all her life. Her health collapsed completely two years ago, and her savings have gradually dwindled. Now she has only the Old Age Pension and no friends or relatives on whom she can count. Her rent costs 8s. a week, and this brave woman tries to make the remaining 2s. cover all the necessities of life—a poor pittance, indeed. The Friends of the Poor want £13 so that they may allow her 5s. weekly and make life easier for her.

In our issue of July 26, the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars were given the title they bear in the last published Army List. We are informed that this is incorrect and that they are now designated the 1st and 2nd Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, Royal Armoured Corps.



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The Highway of Fashion

BY
M.E. BROOKE

SUGGESTIONS for golf when the cooler weather arrives—no that there have been many tropical days this year—abound in the Sportswear department at Selfridge's, Oxford Street. The collarless cardigan has evidently come to stay; those seen on this page are heavily ribbed and are smartly buttoned up to the neck. The one on the right is available in many lovely shades, including a new navy and bronze moss; it costs 35s. 9d. and is seen in conjunction with grey wool slacks for the same price. They are admirably tailored and hence they are flattering and slimming. The hooded wool cardigan on the left costs 39s. 6d.; of course it may be worn off the face if desired; the check skirt costs 35s. 9d., and an important feature is the arrangement of the godet pleats. These outfits are perfect for wear on deck when cruising. Footwear for all occasions is well represented in these salons. As a matter of fact, Selfridge's have no rivals to fear where sportswear and accessories are concerned

Picture by Blake

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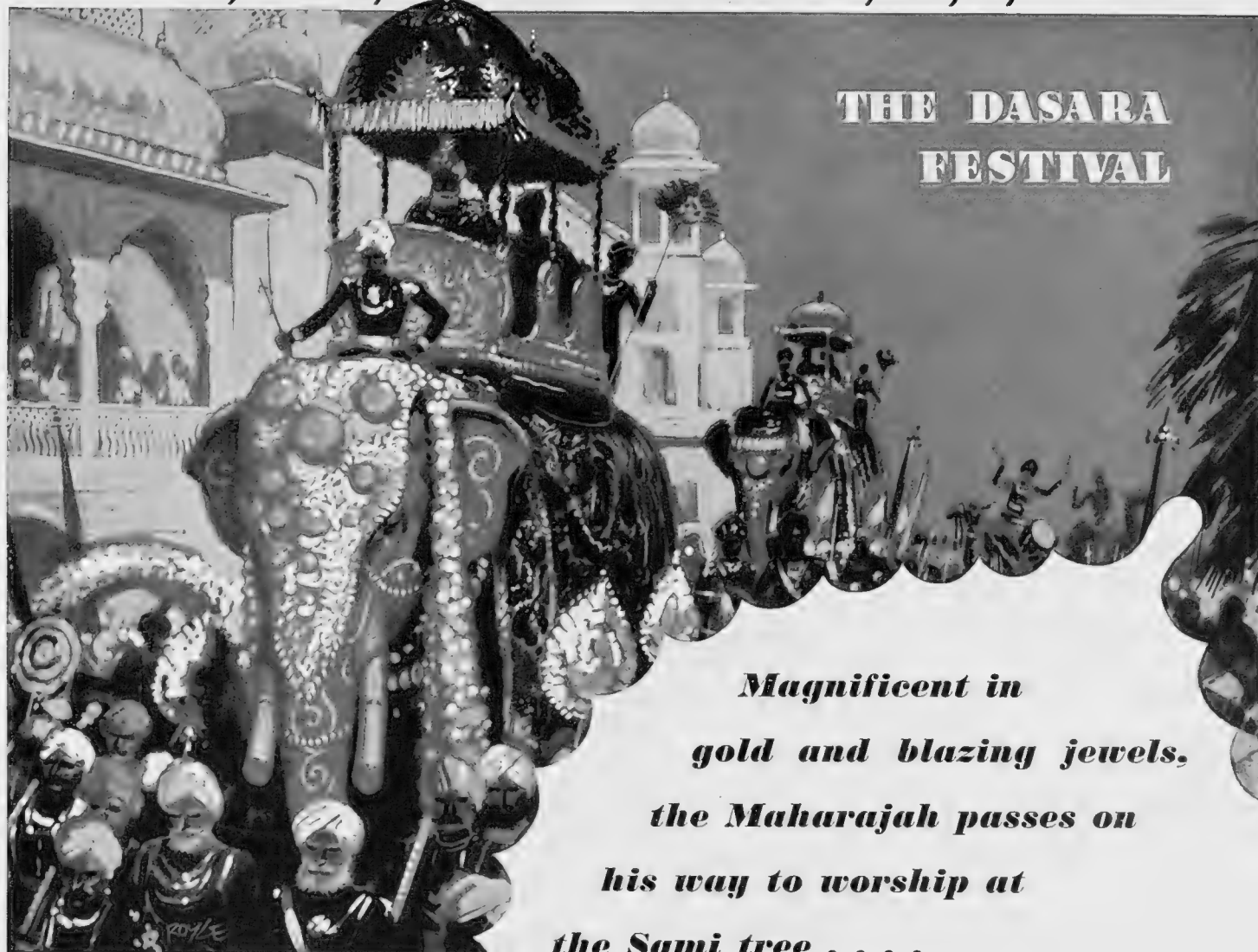
WOMEN are turning their attention to fashions for the autumn and are asking to see the new Matita models, as there is always something different about them which makes a direct appeal to the woman who has a reputation to maintain for being well dressed. Among the new notes struck are velvet collars and scarves in conjunction with tweed suits. Again there are the Persian scarves in glorious colours. "Erik" is the name borne by the hats seen in conjunction with the suits on this page; they are simple, nevertheless they are endowed with a wonderful air of distinction to complement the outfits



CHECKS bold and small are well represented in the Matita collection; it is interesting to note the clever manner in which they are worked. A study in gold and black broken shepherd check is seen above; it consists of coat, skirt and overcoat. There is a velvet collar and scarf. In the picture the top coat is slung over the shoulders—naturally the arms may be passed through the sleeves. Heather green, rust and apricot shades are present in the ensemble on the left. With it is carried a modern reincarnation of the miser's bag. It is most capacious and is made in tweed to match, harmonize, or strike a contrast with the suit; an ideal bag for travelling

Pictures by Blake

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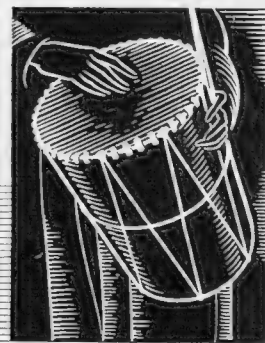
A hush has fallen over the densely packed crowd . . . the procession route lies dazzling white in the afternoon sun. All eyes turn eagerly towards the Palace, shimmering like a mirage in the heat, as the deep notes of the *danka* or drum of victory throb in the still air . . .

Slowly the procession comes into view; infantry with bright burnished steel flashing in the sun, vividly uniformed cavalry—their chargers so sleek that each proud flank glistens like satin—ponderous elephants in rich trappings of gold and silver studded with precious stones, glittering palanquins,

flower-decked horses, countless soldiers and attendants in gorgeous liveries and uniforms. Then, amidst cries of “Vijayi Bhava, Maharaj” — “May thou be victorious, Maharaj” — the Maharajah himself passes on his way to worship the sacred Sami tree. Then, as the evening shadows fall and the worship ends, the leaves of the tree are distributed as “gold” . . . and the procession, greeted now by bonfires and fireworks, returns slowly again to the Palace. Later, feast and carnival will hold sway, and the sky will be reddened by fire and torchlight. Dasara reigns in the City!

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Oberhofen (Lake of Thun).—**Hotel Victoria.**—Leading in pos., and qual. ev' com. P'k, B't'h'g, Sail'g, Ten., Gar. W'kly arr'gm'ts fr. Frs. 75.

Pontresina.—**The Kronenhof.**—The traditional English House.

Pontresina.—**The Palace.**—First class in every way. Own tennis courts. Garage incl. Rates from 15s.

Spiez, B.O.—**Spiezerhof.**—On lakeside; leading of district; all mod. comforts. Priv. bathing in own grounds. Booklets by Boss, prop.

St. Moritz.—**Badrutt's Palace Hotel.**—Host to the elite. Season: June 15 to end of September.

Thun.—**Hotel Victoria, Baumgarten.**—Central position, large park. Golf, Plage. Own trout-fishing river. Moderate terms. Diet.

Wengen.—**Palace Hotel.**—The lead'g hotel of the Jungfrau dist., offers you the most en'j'able summer holiday. Terms fr. Frs. 15.50. F. Borter, Pr.

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